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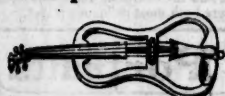
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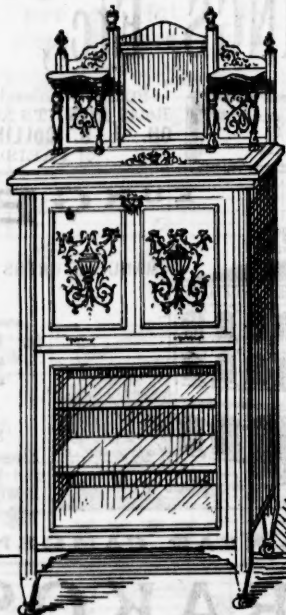
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## Stavenhagen's Pianoforte Recital.

**S**TAVENHAGEN'S RECITAL, on the 16th of May, was an event of the musical season, which had been long looked forward to—particularly by those who had previously heard him. On entering the hall, our notice was caught by a slip of paper laid on each seat, bearing the following inscription:—

"Herr Stavenhagen begs for the indulgence of the audience, as he is very indisposed, and has only consented to play because he does not want to disappoint the public, many of whom have come a long distance to hear him."

The programme, which we append, was a very fine one.

- |   |            |
|---|------------|
| 1. Sonata in B minor, . . . . .               | Liszt.     |
| 2. Variations F minor, . . . . .              | Haydn.     |
| 3. Sonata A flat, Op. 110, . . . . .          | Beethoven. |
| 4. Nocturne in F, . . . . .                   | Chopin.    |
| 5. Prelude in D flat, . . . . .               | Chopin.    |
| 6. Fantaisie Polonaise, Op. 61, . . . . .     | Chopin.    |
| 7. Two Etudes, C and G sharp minor, . . . . . | Paganini.  |
| 8. Sonnetta del Petrarca, . . . . .           | Liszt.     |
| 9. Rhapsodie, No. 13, . . . . .               | Liszt.     |

The Prelude in D flat was particularly beautiful, and played in a masterly style. The whole programme was well rendered, and with that requisite delicacy and strength of touch for which Stavenhagen is noted. None but those who have heard him at his best could have found anything lacking. Stavenhagen seems to be specially happy in his interpretation of Chopin and Liszt. When one sees Chopin's name on his programme, one may be certain of a rare musical treat.

But on the 16th Stavenhagen looked really ill. His face, usually lighted up with life and enthusiasm, was pale and weary-looking. We fear that he has been overworking himself, and this English tour is not likely to prove a rest, for every day of his stay is engaged for a public recital. On the 17th he played at Liverpool.

M. C.

## Staccato.

**U**NDER present circumstances the following story of the ex-Chancellor of Germany, if not true, is at least *ben trovato*:—Prince Bismarck was one day passing through the Royal palace at Berlin, when he entered a room in which the young princes were merrily romping and dancing to the music of a barrel organ. The youngsters insisted that Prince Bismarck should stay and dance with them. "I am too old," said the stiff and stately septuagenarian, "and really I cannot dance, but if the Crown Prince will dance I will grind the organ." The bargain was at once struck. The Crown Prince joined his two brothers, and Prince Bismarck ground away merrily at the organ, while the children danced on in high glee. In the midst of their mirth the door opened and the young Kaiser entered. He smiled to see the redoubtable Reichskanzler grinding the barrel organ, and, after a word of greeting to his sons, he observed

in mock displeasure to Prince Bismarck, "You begin in good time to make the heir-apparent dance to your piping. Why, this is the fourth generation of Hohenzollerns to whom you devote yourself!"

**PROFESSOR IN PSYCHOLOGY:** "Can't we conceive of anything as being out of time, and still occupying space?"

**Musical Student (thoughtfully):** "Yes, sir; a bad singer in a chorus."

**FIRST WOMAN:** "What makes the papers call Patti 'La Diva'?"

**Second Woman:** "I don't know. These singers have so many names. Perhaps that was her name before she was married."

**MR. J. B. WEKERLIN** is a French musician and composer who passes some of his leisure hours in collecting, from out-of-the-way sources, anecdotes and general gossip concerning things musical. In the recently published second volume of his *Musiciens* appears a Wagner story, aptly illustrative of the force of prejudice, which seems to be quite as entitled as Justice to an eye-bandage. Students of Wagner's life know that, while struggling for a precarious wage in Paris fifty years ago, he arranged a pianoforte edition of Donizetti's "La Favorita." His name, then almost unknown, did not commend the arrangement, and the publisher accordingly had it printed in very small letters on the title-page. Years passed, "Tannhäuser" was produced at the Grand Opera, and Wagner was everywhere spoken of, if not quite everywhere spoken against. The publisher at once brought out a new edition of "La Favorita," with "Richard Wagner" in large letters. Imagine his astonishment when, one day, a customer entered the shop and, laying a copy of Donizetti's opera on the counter, observed, "Look here, sir; I have brought back this score! Since you have had it arranged by Richard Wagner, one can no longer understand a bit of it!"

**TENDERFOOT:** "Are there many admirers of music in your town?" Dakota citizen: "Pardner, we not only admire music here, but we respect it. There have been five organ-grinders lynched in our city since last spring."

**THE Neue Musik Zeitung** of Stuttgart has at last delivered itself of a joke. The fact and its occasion naturally deserve to be recorded. A German gentleman, it seems, walking along a street, meets another gentleman holding a child by the hand. The second gentleman says, "The child is an infant prodigy. He is only two years old, and—he does not yet play the piano."

**HERE** is a neat old story. Once upon a time an eminent composer was taken to see the picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which the great painter had depicted Mrs. Billington, the celebrated singer, representing Saint Cecilia listening to the angels. After carefully examining the picture, the composer said: "Yes, very fine. The artist, however, has made one mistake. He should have painted the angels listening to Mrs. Billington."

**THERE** does not seem to be the slightest truth in the wicked statement which is going

the rounds of the English press that Madame Patti introduced "Home, Sweet Home," into the mad scene of "Lucia." It is, however, a fact that in Rossini's "Barber" she sang the "Shadow" from "Dinorah," and, secondly, "Home, Sweet, Home," besides, for the usual double encore, "Comin' thro' the Rye." Another well-known prima donna under similar provocation introduced into this opera the great American lyric, "Please give me a penny, sir," followed for an encore by "The Old Folks at Home."

It is strange how novelists bungle directly they touch musical matters, whereas even the slightest revision or an application for advice which any competent person would only be too happy gratuitously to give, would put them on the right track. The heroine almost invariably plays a "magnificent symphony;" while it is not many years since a well-known novelist spoke eloquently of the "contrapuntal tunes issuing from the massive chest" of her hero. A few months ago a well-known musical critic was asked by a friend to correct the description in a work of fiction of an orchestral symphony. Of course the work in question boasted a soul-stirring adagio which burst forth, etc. etc., and the novelist was, I fear, intensely disgusted because the critic declined to allow him to depict his first movement as "formed upon a single tune like the merry dance of the Neapolitan mandolinists, amid which the sweet voice of the heroine chanting a hymn of praise to the Creator stole placidly along the vine-clad terraces until they fell upon the ear of"—never mind whom.

**A YOUNG** man had sat at the piano one evening and bored the majority of the guests for two hours, and one man was bold enough to ask who he was. "Why, sir," was the indignant answer, "that's Mr. Allegro, a rising young musician of our city." "Oh, is he?" "Yes, sir, he is." "Well, I don't believe it, for I'll swear I've been waiting here all the evening to see him rise, and he has kept right there at that poor, helpless piano as if he were nailed to the stool and clinched."

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**WHAT COULD SHE MEAN?**—"A very prosaic instrument this I am playing, is it not, Fräulein Emma? Now what do you think every time you hear me beat the kettledrum?"

"If your heart only beat thus for me!"

**TAMAGNO** has apparently made himself personally unpopular in New York, where many stories are current about his avarice. To begin with, he demanded, beyond his salary of £400 nightly, free passages from and to Europe for himself, his brother, and three attendants; and four stalls and a private box for each performance in which he took part. These he used to sell privately, thus adding not a little to his income. When the company was in Mexico—so proceeds the tale—he received many presents of jewellery, which he promptly sold. Some of his admirers, moreover, gave him a great many rare birds of beautiful plumage. These he gave to various of his colleagues, who were surprised at such unexpected generosity. Their wonder



changed to disgust when, two days before the company left New York, the tenor sent his brother to demand the return of the birds. Those who objected were told that the birds had only been lent to them, and when all were given back the indignant artists learned that Tamagno had made these temporary presents simply to save the expense of feeding the birds.



MADAME NORDICA is recognised by every amateur and critic as an artist of singular ability, but, if an American musical paper is to be believed, she is possessed of remarkable talents which are unconnected with her musical life. The gifted singer, says our contemporary, "has a beautiful home just out of London, surrounded by a large garden. When she is in it she keeps house, weeds and trims her flower-beds, entertains company, hunts, rides, sails, and plays tennis." Verily the sweet-voiced lady is a many-sided genius—or her house and garden are phenomenally large, even for Fitzjohn's Avenue. We do not quite gather whether it is in the house or in the garden that she hunts and sails, but it is obviously in one or the other. We shall not be surprised after this to hear that Madame Nordica keeps a pack of hounds, or that she is having a yacht built wherewith to sail a race for the American cup—in her garden.



MISS CRIMPLE: "Your friend has talent enough to become a professional musician."

Mr. Lytewaite: "Oh yes, but he never would be a success."

"What makes you think so?"

"He can't grow his hair 'à la Pompadour.'"



HOSTESS: "Won't you sing something, Mr. Green?"

Mr. Green: "There are so many strangers here, I——"

Hostess: "Never mind them; they'll be gone before you get half through."

## Nikita.

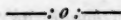


NIKITA is making a great sensation just now in Russia; indeed, her tour may be described as an uninterrupted succession of triumphs. On May 17 she began an engagement at the Imperial Opera, Varsovie, where she appeared in the following plays:—"Romeo et Juliette," "Rigolette," "La Sonnambula," "Don Giovanni," "Fra Diavolo," "Nozze di Figaro." Nikita is singularly adapted to opera; not only is her voice of the right timbre, but she is a natural actress, and graceful in all her movements.

On the termination of her contract with the Imperial Opera, Nikita will proceed to Germany, visit Baden Baden, and reach Berlin in time for the opera season, which lasts from August 15 to September 15.

After this German tour will commence a third one, which will be made through Russia, Austria, and Germany. On this occasion her route will lie through the following towns:—Varsovie, Kieff, Odessa, Kichenoff, Nicoylayeff, Kremenschüg, Poltava, Charkron, Tckaterinorlon, Simpheropol, Sebastopol. We shall eagerly look forward to Nikita's return to England after her long absence; especially we may hope to see her in opera.

## Mr. F. H. Cowen's New Opera "Thorgrim."



IN no department of musical literature is success more difficult to achieve than in that of opera; and the history of English opera during the last ten years may be quoted in support of this assertion. The production of "Thorgrim" at Drury Lane on April 22nd was then an event which excited no little curiosity. "What will the new opera be like?" was the question in every musician's mouth for weeks before the first performance; and "What do you think of the new work?" is the question which everybody has been asking since.

The libretto, written by Mr. Joseph Bennett, is founded on an old Norse tale, of which a translation by Messrs. Magnusson and William Morris has lately appeared under the title of "Viglund the Fair." Jarl Eric has two sons, Helgi and Thorgrim; the second is illegitimate. As one might suppose, they are not on brotherly terms; Helgi, in fact, prompted by his mother, is always seeking to do his brother harm. In the first act a plot to murder Thorgrim is frustrated by King Harold, and the bastard brother is enrolled as one of the king's men. In the second act there are fresh complications. Thorgrim falls suddenly deeply in love with Olof Sunbeam, the betrothed of Helgi. But Olof's father remains steadfast to his first promise, and refuses the imperious demand for her hand made by Thorgrim. The king, from a sense of justice, supports the father, and the fiery and unsuccessful lover departs in fury, threatening, however, to return and take vengeance. In the third act the lovers meet in a pine-forest, and Olof promises to join him when he re-appears. Their interview is interrupted by Helgi and his mother; the former makes another fruitless attempt to rid himself of his brother. In the last act Thorgrim arrives just as Olof and Helgi are being united in wedlock. He and his followers extinguish the lights, and Thorgrim carries off the willing maiden to his ship. As the curtain closes, the lovers are heard singing of their mutual and eternal love.

It must be confessed that in this tale there is little with which an audience can be expected to sympathize. Helgi is a coward; Thorgrim is a bully. The mother of the former is unfair in her anger. The young lady Olof is a colourless creature. These are scarcely the sort of personages to inspire a composer. But though we cannot admire the libretto from a dramatic point of view, it is only just to speak of its high literary quality. Mr. Bennett maintains his reputation as a skilful handler of the pen.

Mr. Cowen opens his opera with a brief instrumental prelude, and this is followed by a bold chorus of warriors, and the music has something of the roughness and energy which one is apt to associate with the hardy Vikings of the middle ages. Then comes a martial dance full of Northern colour. The king sings a ballad, "The Viking's ship sails o'er the main," but this is not one of the strong numbers of the score. A drinking chorus for male voices, "What's best in peace," has plenty of tune, if not altogether of a Scandinavian kind, and plenty of vigour; it is, too, a number which can easily be detached from the opera. Arnora's air, "Would he, in sight of the lioness," is not wanting in passion. Thorgrim's "Pride of the North" is energetic, and a good vein of melody runs through it. The

theme is afterwards taken up in stentorian tones by the chorus, and the curtain falls as the king presents his sword to Thorgrim, who, raising it aloft, kisses the hilt.

In the second act we have march music as the guests arrive who have been bidden to the king's feast. Mr. Cowen is happy in pieces of this kind, and an expressive theme, of which liberal use is made, falls pleasantly on the ear. The scena between Helgi and his mother, in words, and to a certain extent in the music, reminds one of the opening of the second act of "Lohengrin." The ballad sung by Thorgrim, "Why wanders Thorvald by the stream," with its quaint plaintive strains, and simple yet effective orchestral accompaniment, is one of the gems of the work. The concerted music in the Finale is tuneful and stirring.

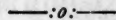
The third act comes as a welcome contrast after the warriors' music; here the theme is love. Soon after the curtain rises the female attendants of Olof sing a graceful part-song, "Through the forest Ivar goes." The chief thing, however, is the love-duet; and here Mr. Cowen revels in melodious and tender strains. But there is more than that: we have dramatic passion, and a bold Wagner-like ending as the lovers' vows are interrupted by the entrance of Helgi.

In the fourth and last act there is some exceedingly pretty and characteristic wedding music. The end of the opera, when Olof and Thorgrim answer each other to the strains of the love-theme from the second act, is highly effective.

Respecting the performance we have only space for a few words. Miss Zélie de Lussan and Mr. Barton M'Guckin, as Olof and Thorgrim, sang and acted extremely well. Miss Tremelli was a vigorous Arnora. Mr. Leslie Crotty made the most of the part of Helgi.

Mr. Cowen conducted, and at the close of the performance was heartily applauded.

## Italian Opera.



MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS opened his season at Covent Garden on Monday evening, May 19th. The ever popular "Faust" drew a large audience, and the house presented a brilliant scene. The Marguerite was Madame Nuovina. As an actress, her first appearance in the Kermesse scene was scarcely a favourable one; she looked more like a queen than a simple maiden. In the Jewel Song there was a lack of brilliancy. The middle register of Madame Nuovina's voice appears to be the best. But she seemed nervous, and it would not be fair to judge of her, either as vocalist or actress, from this *début*. M. Jean De Reszké took the part of Faust. It was an ideal impersonation; praise is superfluous. M. Darvall took, at very short notice, the place of M. E. de Reszké as Mephistopheles, and under the circumstances did remarkably well. Madame Scalchi as Siebel, and Mlle. Bauermeister as Martha, played and sang with their usual success. Signor d'Andrade was an exceedingly good Valentino. The chorus sang brilliantly. The piece was effectively mounted. Signor Bevnigiani conducted with great care.

A NEW work by Herr Niels Gade is announced as just published—a quartett for strings in D major, Op. 63. Considering that Gade has long ago produced an octett (Op. 17), a sextett (Op. 44), and a quintett (Op. 8), all for strings, it seems strange that this should be the first quartett of the more than septuagenarian composer. There is now a fine opportunity for some one to anticipate Mr. Arthur Chappell in bringing this interesting novelty to a first hearing.



## Musical Life in London.

MADAME SOPHIE MENTER appeared at the Crystal Palace on April 19. It was a pity that she selected Schumann's Concerto, for she did justice neither to herself nor to the composer. This lady shines specially in music in which the *virtuosi* element largely prevails, and this is not the case in Schumann's work. Madame Menter was heard to the best advantage in her solos—Scarlatti's Allegro in D, a Rhapsodie Hongroise by Liszt, and this composer's transcription of Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," which she gave by way of encore. The programme included the Pastoral Symphony and the Oberon and Leonora Overtures, all splendidly played. Mr. Charles Manners, who has a good voice, was the vocalist.

Mr. Manns' benefit concert took place on the following Saturday (April 26), and the programme included many items of interest. There was a new and clever serenade for orchestra by Miss E. M. Smyth, a lady whose works have been played in Germany and Holland; a quartet for strings from her pen is, indeed, announced for performance at the coming season at the Gewandhaus Leipzig. Mr. Sapellnikoff gave a brilliant rendering of Tschaiakowski's second Pianoforte Concerto. Miss Macintyre, who was in excellent voice, sang two pleasing songs by Dr. Parry, entitled "Willow, Willow," and "My True Love hath my Heart," and Mr. Henschel sang the impressive "Lamentatio Davidis," with accompaniment of four trombones and organ by Heinrich Schütz, the "father of German music." The concert commenced with the "Freischütz," and concluded with the "Tannhäuser" Overture: both were magnificently rendered.

The third Philharmonic Concert on April 24th was a great improvement on previous ones in the matter of novelty. Dvorák's new Symphony in G is a work of great freshness and charm, and the composer, who conducted, had a brilliant reception. It is but a few seasons back that Dvorák's name was in everybody's mouth, but there came a pause in the progress of his fame. The oratorio which he wrote for Leeds was not successful. It is therefore satisfactory to find in his new work the freshness, the skill, and the charm which characterized the "Stabat Mater" and the "Spectre's Bride." The opening movement *allegro moto* is rich in thematic material, and in form it is somewhat peculiar: it requires to be heard more than once. The Adagio, Allegretto, and Finale are so congenial, so taking, that one might easily think they cost the composer but little trouble: it is only given to the few thus to hide art. M. Sapellnikoff played Henselt's Pianoforte Concerto in F minor with power and dash. He has now fully shown us what he can do as an interpreter of brilliant modern music, and we wait to hear him as an exponent of the great masters. The programme included Mr. E. German's vigorous overture "Richard III.," Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, and songs successfully sung by Miss Marion Mackenzie.

"The greatest of all Pianofortes—the Steinway Pianofortes—London and New York."—Adv.

An orchestral suite, "Scene Veneziane," composed by Signor Mancinelli, the well-known conductor, was the novelty at the fourth concert on May 8. The music has a programme: it is a love-story in five chapters—a Venetian carnival, a stolen interview, an elopement, a return in a gondola, and a happy wedding. A melodious love theme forms a prominent feature in the first, second, and last movements. The music throughout is pleasing, and the orchestration is particularly effective. The love-music is graceful, and passionate, and suitable, as representative of Spanish lovers. The Scherzo depicting the flight is an extremely clever tone-picture. The composer was naturally pleased at the applause, but the repetition of the movement was a mistake. Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto was played by Mr. Leonard Borwick, who has been studying for several years with Madame Schumann. The performance was one of singular modesty and refinement. Mr. Borwick has a good touch and thoroughly well-trained fingers. But he has a soul for music, and in this his first appearance he won the approval of all good judges. His future career will be watched with interest. It is scarcely necessary to say that he was received with tremendous enthusiasm. Miss Macintyre was the vocalist. The rendering of the "Leonora" Overture, No. 3, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen, deserves special praise.

M. Paderewski, the Polish pianist, whose recent performances in Paris seem to have created considerable sensation, gave the first of four recitals at St. James's Hall on Friday afternoon, May 9. He commenced his programme with Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, written for the Album "Notre Temps;" his reading was peculiar, but he displayed technique of no common order. In Schumann's "Fantasie," Op. 17, he had again an opportunity of showing great command of the keyboard, but his playing was spasmodic, and in the loud passages he was unduly violent. In a group of Chopin solos, including three of the Etudes, he failed to satisfy those who feel that this composer's music requires most delicate treatment. In his own compositions, "Trois Humoresques à l'Antique," M. Paderewski was on safer ground, and the performances were brilliant. The Minuet (No. 3) which, since its introduction by Madame Essipoff, has become so popular, was encored. The recital ended with Rubinstein's Barcarolle in F minor, and a Liszt Rhapsodie. The concert-giver was much applauded, although the audience was not a large one.

Madame Teresa Carreño gave a pianoforte recital at Princes' Hall on the following afternoon. Her programme opened with Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, and, except that the tempo of the middle movement was hurried, there was little to which one could take exception. The playing was exceedingly fine, and it was soon evident that the lady was an executant of the first rank. Further proofs of technical skill were given in some Chopin solos, including the A flat Polonaise; but it was in Rubinstein's graceful Barcarolle No. 4, an effective Staccato Caprice by Vogrich, and Liszt's extraordinary "Campanella" Etude, that she roused the enthusiasm of the audience by her wonderful digital dexterity, and by her brilliant and powerful playing. She gave an Impromptu of Schubert's with simplicity and charm, and then, returning to the modern school, concluded her programme with a Valse from the "Soirées de Vienne," and the Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6. There was a large and appreciative audience.

It is impossible to do justice to all the good

concerts now taking place in London. We can only mention a few, and in the briefest terms. Mr. Frederic Lamond, the young and talented Scotch pianist, held a recital at Princes' Hall on April 21st. He gave a good rendering of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, Op. 110, and displayed wonderful command of the key-board in the formidably difficult Paganini-Brahms Variations.

On Saturday afternoon, April 26th, the Bristol Glee Society gave a concert at St. James's Hall. To praise this fine body of singers would be like carrying coals to Newcastle. The programme included some of the most famous glees, ancient and modern, some songs sung by Miss Liza Lehmann and Mr. Harper Kearston, and the applause was continued and most enthusiastic.

The concert given by Miss Ethel and Mr. Harold Bauer at Princes' Hall on April 28th deserves mention for the manuscript sonata for pianoforte and violin by Mr. Harold, performed for the first time. It is a clever and earnest work.

Dr. Hans Richter, at St. James's Hall, on Monday, May 12th, gave the first concert of his series of nine, respecting which details were given in our last month's issue, and was received with the usual enthusiasm. The performances were all splendid: the rendering of Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor was, indeed, well-nigh perfect. Liszt's sprightly Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 3, would come better at the end of a programme than between the "Parsifal" Prelude and the C minor Symphony. The hall was crowded.

Mr. Kube gave a grand evening concert at the Albert Hall on Wednesday, May 14, at which Madame Adelina Patti made her first appearance since her American tour. She sang "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home," but positively refused to give any encores. After the latter song, indeed, there was almost a riot. Mons. J. Hollman was not allowed to play his solo. The audience, however, calmed down when Madame Patey appeared. Miss Kube was the pianist, and Mr. Cusins directed the orchestra.

Dr. Hans Richter gave his second concert on Monday, May 19. The programme opened with the "Oberon" Overture. After Mr. Henschel had sung Hagen's Wacht from "Götterdämmerung," a triple Concerto by Bach was performed. This composer was fond of re-arranging his music; and in this work, the first and last movements are based on a Prelude and Fugue in A minor, which Mdlle. Marie Krebs was very fond of playing at one time, while the middle movement is from an organ sonata, though considerably extended. The work was well played by Mr. Vivian, Mr. Schiever, and Madame Hopekirk. The "Tannhäuser" Overture was given with great spirit. The concert ended with Schumann's Symphony in C, Op. 61.

M. Paderewski gave his second recital at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, May 20. At his first recital he showed how loudly he could play, but on this occasion he showed how admirably he can, when disposed, interpret the works of the great masters. His reading of Bach's Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue was characteristic and interesting. He gave a delightful interpretation of Beethoven's Sonata in D (Op. 28). But it was in Chopin's Ballade in F minor, the grand Nocturne in C minor, and the Etude in F from Op. 25, that he produced the greatest effect. He gave himself up entirely to the spirit of the music, and seldom has finer Chopin playing been heard in St. James's Hall. The programme included some pieces by Rubinstein and Liszt, and some light pieces by the concert-giver.

## Richard Wagner in his Home "Wahnfried."

IN 1872 was laid the foundation-stone of the Bayreuth Theatre, and in the following year was built the house "Wahnfried," where Richard Wagner lived for the rest of his life. On the front of the building is the inscription:—

Hier wo mein Wähnen      Sei dieses Haus von  
Frieden fand      Wahnfried  
Mir benaunt,

which may be translated, "Here where my illusions found peace may this house be named by me *Wahnfried*." At the time of the festivals this quiet retreat was the rendezvous of all that was great in art and literature. Of the many eminent men who thronged around the master, the central figure of all was Franz Liszt, the man who first helped to make known the genius of Wagner, his most faithful friend during the days of exile in Switzerland, and one of his most ardent admirers after the master's fame had spread through the whole world. Only a few days before his death in 1886, Liszt attended a rehearsal of "Tristan," and he passed away peacefully in a house facing Wahnfried.

Specially brilliant were the gatherings in 1882, when Wagner produced his last, and, in some respects, his greatest music-drama, "Parsifal." Before the first performance, which took place on the 26th of July, the composer held a special council with his best friends concerning the work; and the place, the time, and the persons—everything, in fact, combined to render it a meeting memorable in the history of art. The friends assembled in Wagner's study, of which a view is presented here. On the walls are to be seen the portraits of Cosima Wagner and Arthur Schopenhauer, the famous philosopher, painted by the well-known artist Lembach. Outside the window is the bust of the late King Ludwig of Bavaria. The pianoforte in the foreground is the one presented to him by his intimate friend Rudolf Ibach.

The group of friends is, however, the principal thing in the picture. Wagner, erect, is listening, with evident satisfaction, to some comment of Liszt, who has before him the score of "Parsifal." By his side sits Hans von Wolzogen, the man who had done so much to make the world understand the letter of Wagner's scores, and thereby enabled it the better to enter into their spirit. The composer's wife, Cosima, is sitting on the left, and

is listening, intent, to every word falling from the lips of her husband and his two bosom friends. Thus Professor Beckmann has given to the world at large a glimpse into the home-life of the great tone-poet.

The portraits and piano in this study have been mentioned. The books and music around the room were also important features. The music, including scores by Beethoven and Berlioz, which the writer, in a visit to be mentioned, had an opportunity of examining, looked as if it were there for use, and not, as in many libraries, for mere show. The bookshelves held Sanscrit, Roman, and Greek classics; Italian, Spanish, English, and French works, and philosophers from Plato to Schopenhauer.

Beckmann's admirable picture appeals in the first place to the relations and friends of the composer. It recalls to them the happiest year and proudest moment of his life. In "Parsifal" art spoke with a voice truly inspired.



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Pilgrims assembled from all quarters of the globe to listen to it, and even Wagner's bitterest enemies had to acknowledge its triumphant success. It was not an ordinary theatre success of applause and bouquets, but one causing men to listen in reverent silence, and to carry away an impression which time only served to deepen. The picture is one which the world also will prize more and more, as the fame of Richard Wagner increases. For though he has received homage from friends, poets, and musicians, he has not yet become a familiar classic to the million.

Wagner's study at Wahnfried must have been the scene of many a brilliant conversation, and one could wish that they could have been recorded by phonograph. The words exchanged between Wagner and Liszt must have been of wonderful interest. We know how well they could write to each other. What must it have been when they met face to face! Then, too, there were the words of counsel uttered by his wife Cosima; the intelligent interest which she

has taken since the master's death in everything connected with the performances at Bayreuth, and the practical help which she has given, fully prove that her counsel must have been indeed valued. But wishing will not bring back the fleeting words.

The writer of this notice will, however, try briefly to describe an evening which he spent in that study, either the first or second evening after the very first performance of "Parsifal." There was a grand reception, and the room was crowded with ladies in brilliant toilette, and many distinguished musicians and literary men. Apart from the pleasure of being in Wahnfried, there were one or two events which served to fix the evening in the writer's memory. The first was the sudden appearance of young Siegfried, accompanied by one of his father's favourite retriever dogs. The animal bounding about amongst the guests was as much out of place as the proverbial bull in a China shop, and the servants had some little difficulty in

getting it out of the room. On that evening Liszt was the object of special attention. With head erect he moved about, exchanging a friendly word with this or the other guest. At one moment he passed out of the study into the vestibule, and from thence into the little room at the back of the house, specially set apart for him. There was a piano there, and a crowd followed, hoping that the maestro might feel inclined to run his fingers over the keys. But he soon returned to the study without granting the least favour. During his whole life people were afraid to ask him to play: when in the humour, he sat down to the instrument of his own accord. On that evening the spirit did not move him. But our readers will

surely want to know something about Wagner. Well, every one was waiting to see him, while his wife was receiving and entertaining the guests. After some time had elapsed, the composer came down-stairs into the hall, but after uttering a few hasty words to some one near him, he vanished as quickly as he had appeared.

ON Saturday evening, May 17, at the Nineteenth Century Art Society Galleries, Conduit Street, Mr. Valentine Marriott gave a capital concert. Miss Mathilde Wolff played a Rhapsody of Brahms in her usual delicate and characteristic style, also Ballade in G minor by Chopin, and Rigaudon by Boff, which was lovely. Mr. Marriott played a violin solo by Wieniawski, also "Benedictus" by Mackenzie. Mr. Prosper Burnett on the violoncello played "Au bord du Ruisscau," by Fischer; but the concert was so inordinately long that many left before the end, and among them the present writer.

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THE Leeds Vocal Union, under the conductorship of Mr. A. H. Ashworth, gave excellent concerts at the Municipal Art Gallery on April 19 and May 14. The part-singing was exceptionally good.



## Walter Macfarren.

IN reviewing the progress of music in England during the latter part of the present century, the future musical historian will assuredly not fail to record the useful and conscientious career of one who for upwards of fifty years has been honourably connected with the divine art,—Walter Cecil Macfarren. Born in London on August 28, 1826, his early years were spent amidst artistic surroundings, his father being a successful journalist and dramatic author, who also took a deep interest in matters musical. At the age of ten, Walter Macfarren became a chorister at Westminster Abbey, under the late James Turle, and from his own lips have I heard, on more than one occasion, of the hard life of the cathedral choir-boys at that period, and of the very scanty education, either musical or moral, then received by them. Happily that order of things has now passed away, and under the present system the chorister's life is certainly a much more congenial one, and his education more of a reality. With all its drawbacks, however, few musicians whose early days have been passed in cathedral choirs have regretted the experience thus gained, and we may feel tolerably sure that the subject of the present sketch has been no exception to the rule. On quitting Westminster Abbey, he joined the choir of King's College, where for some short time he sang alto, under the direction of the late well-known George Herbert, and, after spending a few months in the employment of a musicseller at Brighton, a totally uncongenial occupation, he, at the instance of his elder brother, the late Sir George Macfarren, entered the Royal Academy of Music as a student in 1842, where he studied the pianoforte under W. H. Holmes, and composition under his brother and Cipriani Potter. In 1846 he was appointed a professor of the pianoforte at the Academy, a post he still holds. No words can convey an adequate idea of the immense influence for good exerted by Walter Macfarren during the forty-four years that have elapsed since the above-mentioned appointment was made. Proud of having been one of his pupils for more than six years, I can speak from experience of the invaluable instruction so delightfully imparted by one of the kindest and most patient of masters.

With the so-called "modern developments" of pianoforte-playing he has never had the least sympathy, but has laboured to communicate to those under his care a true, legitimate style of execution, a style which seeks, not to belabour the pianoforte with blows as from a Nasmyth steam-hammer, as is the manner with some, but rather, by strength of individual finger and wrist, to produce, by less forced and more sympathetic means, that essentially "singing" quality of tone which no one knows how to obtain from the instrument better than our master himself. A list of some of the more prominent of his Academy pupils may be of interest here. It includes the names of Miss Maude Valérie White, Mrs. Bucknall-Eyre, Mrs. Dutton-Cook (Miss Linda Scates), Miss Margaret Gyde, Miss Annie Cantelo, Miss Dora Bright, Miss Ethel Boyce, and Miss Edith Young; also of Messrs. Frederick Westlake, Stephen Kemp, Walter Fitton, F. W. Bampfyde, Tobias Matthay, Charlton Speer, and Albert Fox. These and many others are worthy examples of the excellence of the training they have received.

For some years Mr. Macfarren held the post of conductor of the choir and orchestra of the Academy, but in 1880 was compelled, through

failing eyesight and the consequent strain upon his health, to relinquish the appointment. To show their appreciation of his services as conductor, the members of the band and choir presented him on one occasion with an ivory and gold bâton, and later, in 1878, with a handsome silver inkstand.

Walter Macfarren's first public appearance as a pianist took place in 1843 in a series of concerts given by his brother and the late J. W. Davison; and in 1844 he played his sonata in C sharp minor at a concert of the Society of British Musicians, with which now defunct Society he was associated for many years, and at whose concerts many of his early works, orchestral and chamber, were produced. Almost annually from 1854 to 1876 he gave chamber concerts and pianoforte recitals at the old Hanover Square Rooms, and afterwards at Willis's Rooms and St. James's Hall, in which he was associated with such men as Sainton, Piatti, and many others of equal eminence, and at which many excellent new compositions, several of native origin, were brought forward with great success.

In 1882 he organized a short series of orchestral concerts in St. James's Hall, and, with a magnificent band under his own direction, secured some almost phenomenally fine performances, notably that of Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" Overture.

Since 1880 Mr. Macfarren has lectured on a variety of subjects, interspersed with pianoforte illustrations played by himself. These lectures have been delivered both in London and at Hull, Liverpool, Birkenhead, Darwen, Birmingham, Walsall, and Bristol.

As a composer, his name will be remembered as a voluminous writer for the pianoforte, many of his pieces for that instrument having become very popular, of which perhaps the most noteworthy are his three "Suites de Pièces," twelve "Studies in Style and Technique," "Rondino Grazioso," "Rondino Patetico," Toccata in G minor, and several Gavottes and pieces in old dance-forms. Although his compositions for the instrument of his choice have been so numerous, he has still found time to enrich the repertory of orchestral and vocal music. Amongst orchestral works are several overtures, a graceful P.F. concertstück, and a masterly Symphony in B flat, recently reviewed in this Magazine in connection with its performance in March last at a concert of the Westminster Orchestral Society. These and many others have been from time to time performed at the leading London and provincial concerts, three of his overtures having been specially written for the important musical Festivals of Norwich and Brighton. Countless songs, part-songs, services, etc., testify to ceaseless industry in composition; which, added to his engrossing teaching and other engagements, constitute a record of activity not often surpassed.

Before concluding this necessarily very incomplete sketch of a busy career, I must mention that Mr. Macfarren is proud of having conducted the first performance of two of the oratorios composed by his lamented brother, the late Sir G. A. Macfarren, viz. "Resurrection," at Birmingham Festival, 1876, and "Joseph," at Leeds Festival, 1877.

To sum up, Walter Macfarren has been one of those workers in the domain of art, the extent of whose influence it is impossible thoroughly to estimate, since it will be felt in such countless ways; enough to say that his artistic life has been an example of the conscientious carrying out of manifold duties, in the discharge of which he has earned the respect and affection of countless admirers.

C. STEWART MACPHERSON.

## Our Musical Tour.

(BY THE ONE WHO WAS NOT  
MUSICAL.)

### CHAPTER VII.

**B**ÜLOW being established for the season in Hamburg, that city became for us a delightful spot, inasmuch as at his house we met all the notables.

For a long time the orchestra was refractory, and there were scenes at every rehearsal; but afterwards, by removing and adding, Bülow contrived to have an entirely new one, and what an orchestra that was!—all perfection possible he had from it. Of course, for this the Doctor spent time and labour, for he drilled it unceasingly, and I have often attended a rehearsal when it was simply a practice for the first violins for two hours, the other members quietly looking on. However, they never complained; they knew their man; and, as the time wore on, Bülow became more and more witty and jolly and amiable, till I hardly recognised the Bülow of Frankfurt-am-Main.

We were about two months in Hamburg when I began to notice too a strange change in Peacocke and in his habits. During the entire forenoon he was always absent from home, and he never attended the rehearsals, and refused to give any satisfaction as to his movements; in fact, he grew quite preoccupied, morose, and unlike himself in every way. At first I thought it was a love-affair, for Peacocke has an inflammable heart,—some actress or singer perhaps,—but as nothing in the shape of photographs was to be seen amongst his belongings, and no perfumed notes arrived for him, I began to get anxious, especially as Peacocke ceased to write symphonies during that time.

One thing I did notice, and that was a book that my friend carried about with him and was always consulting. This I couldn't understand, till the thought flashed across me that it might be some spiritual volume,—Moody and Sankey's hymn-book, Thomas à Kempis even, or perhaps a book belonging to the Salvation Army—that was the last thought that came in explanation. I made a point then of getting into bed half an hour earlier and feigning sleep, in order to see would Peacocke say his prayers; but, although he read the book every night, I never saw him on his knees.

At length a crisis arrived, and Peacocke was lost for a day and a half. My alarm can well be imagined. After expecting him all day, I went to sleep and awoke in the morning, but no Peacocke was there. I felt sure then it was a love-story, and that my unhappy friend, jilted perhaps, had gone off to the Alster to end his days. Then I remembered the night before had been one of glorious moonlight; I pictured to myself the weird figure of my friend standing by the moonlit water in the darkness of night, how he would commune with himself sadly and dejectedly, and then a splash, a few ripples of water, a life gone, and after a few minutes the undisturbed waters with the moon placidly shining on them, and Peacocke—where? The thought struck home to my heart. I felt it all to be true, that it must be true, for Peacocke was just the fellow to do romantic things. For some time I could do nothing; then, hardly knowing what I was saying, I told the landlord of the hotel a story of Peacocke, an unhappy love, and his possible death.

The landlord was horrified, and we hurried



off to the police. There my host enlarged the tale. Peacocke was surely drowned. The prosaic German official heard in silence, suggested that drags to discover the body might be used, but added that these were expensive. I gave him one withering glance, and at once wrote him a cheque for two thousand marks.

Then we returned home, and I cannot describe the melancholy look all Peacocke's belongings had, perhaps only in my imagination. I went to his portmanteau, and then, thinking my worst fears might be smothered by examining a bundle of papers there, I found them only confirmed, for in the midst of this bundle I found a large square envelope addressed in Peacocke's handwriting to me, with the ominous words, "to be opened in case of my death."

Was I never to see my friend again? the thought was an agony, and with trembling fingers I tore open the envelope and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR COMRADE AND FRIEND,—This hurly-burly of life contains so many chances for us, and death is at all times so near us, and oftentimes comes upon us so unexpectedly"—

I had got so far when I heard a sort of scuffle outside my door, and a voice raised in remonstrance—a happy, sturdy English voice, if anything with a touch of anger in it—Peacocke's voice. The door was opened suddenly, and in bounced my friend in his accustomed manner.

"Well, by Jingo, old fellow, you have gone and made a mess of it! What the deuce got wrong with your indigestion to kick up such a row? Here I have been escorted with a whole body of police from the railway station, and"—

At that moment his eye caught sight of the letter I was reading, and with one wild guffaw he threw up his hat in the air, and, banging himself down into a chair, simply roared with laughter.

It was the worst few moments I ever experienced in my life. Then the landlord came in, half a dozen of the hotel people came in, the police stood stolidly by:

In desperation I drew a handful of silver and gold from my pocket, and, with forced gaiety, handed it to the landlord, begging him to let all drink the health of Peacocke, who happily was come amongst us again as safe and sound as ever.

This got them all out, and I turned to Peacocke. "But where were you, Peacocke?" I said when I got the chance to be heard amidst his bursts of laughter.

"Oh, that's the best of it," he said. "I was up in Berlin and got the Strad."

"The Strad. What Strad?"

"A Strad for 10,000 marks that an old Jew had up in Berlin, and there were eight fellows after it."

"But, Peacocke, are you sure it is a real Strad?" I asked gravely, believing my friend might be duped.

His look of scorn was intense.

"Am I sure?" he asked insolently.

"You couldn't be mistaken," I murmured, with faint sarcasm.

"Of course not," replied my friend, with absolute assurance.

"And that's where you have been all this time?"

"Faith, you're as bad as a wife, old fellow. What the dickens does it matter where I have been? And, look here, the next time it pleases me to do what I want, don't be dragging rivers and sending out the police after me. I am not a baby. However, what I want to suggest is," he added in a modified voice, "that we go to Berlin. We are here long enough, and, as we have to get back to London next summer, I think we know Hamburg and Bülow enough."

"Well, let us start to-morrow if you like. Why not? Bülow himself is going there to conduct one of the Philharmonic concerts, so we couldn't choose a better time," I added quickly, glad of the change of conversation.

So again we packed up our belongings, and spent the next day making farewell calls on those friends who had made our stay pleasant, and in the evening we attended the opera—Spohr's "Joconda," one of Bülow's favourites. After that we had an oyster supper, and were in the midst of our enjoyment when I happened to look at my watch.

"The train goes in ten minutes!" I shrieked, as I stood up.

"And I must catch it!" cried Bülow.

"And all our things, Alexander, where are they?" asked Peacocke, who was draining his champagne glass.

In two seconds Bülow had flown, and Peacocke and I got into our overcoats. Fortunately I had arranged everything before, so that all we had to do was to rush to the station and meet the hotel man, who would have bought our tickets and seen after our luggage.

We jumped into a droschky and were hurried along; and as we alighted, there was Bülow in an awful fix, having forgotten his money.

Peacocke, of course, paid for him, and meanwhile I heard two or three shrill whistles; then Peacocke dashed before me, held open a door by force till Bülow and I came up, and at last we got on to the platform, and saw the train still standing. Our hotel man thrust our tickets into my hand, when we were met with the information there was no room anywhere.

"Well, I'll have to go as luggage," said Bülow desperately, "for I must conduct the rehearsal to-morrow."

Then we found a third-class compartment; into this we were bundled by sundry officials, and a second later, with a shrill whistle, were off for Berlin.

In the early morning we arrived at our destination, cold, miserable, and with all our bones aching from the hard wooden benches which we had sat on, feeling we had paid too dearly for our whistle in the shape of our champagne supper; but we managed to get along to our hotel, or, as the initiated call it, Bülow's hotel, since it is the one he invariably patronises in Königgrätzer Strasse, and after a cup of coffee and a sleep we felt revived enough to attend the rehearsal with Bülow, who was in splendid trim, strange to say, and in the best of spirits.

Berlin at all times is a dull place, but in November it is a horror, and it has always been a miracle to me how so much romance and beauty could hang as it did around Leipziger Strasse No. 3. Of course an old garden is an old garden in all places, but it would take an old garden and an entire Mendelssohn family to create romance in Berlin. However, one mustn't forget that here in Berlin Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" has been composed; but, all the same, Berlin is much fitter as the lair of the Europe-subduing Bismarck than the home of the poetic Mendelssohn.

To make matters worse, we arrived in bad weather; and as we went along the streets in the early morning to the rehearsal of the Philharmonic, I began for the first time to have a longing for our bachelor chambers in London, which at this hour would be graced with a blazing fire and a substantially-laid breakfast table, and all the morning papers lying by.

It was in this frame of mind I went along, and when we reached the concert hall I took my seat apart from the others, and Beethoven Symphony (No. 8) was beginning to counteract the effects of Berlin when a little heavy-headed individual came in and took his seat beside me.

He had a roll of music with him, and didn't appear to know any one. However, after the symphony, Bülow turned round and screamed "Herr Eugen D'Albert," and my companion at once stood up and hurried up to the platform, when a perfect storm of applause broke out.

I went nearer to the concert platform at the side where the piano stood, in order the better to examine my countryman—my countryman, despite his "Herr Eugen."

The little virtuoso had to bow repeatedly, and, turning to some of the long-haired Conservatory youths amongst whom I found myself, I asked, was he something extraordinary, the pianist?

They one and all answered enthusiastically that a second D'Albert doesn't exist.

Then came a wonderful performance of Beethoven's E flat Concerto, and at the close Bülow was so delighted that he kissed the pianist on both cheeks.

Going home, I asked Bülow about D'Albert, and he also grew enthusiastic. "There is only one D'Albert, and there will be only one," he replied quickly. "His Beethoven-playing is superb, for not only has he the intelligence for Beethoven,—mind, the highest of all musical intelligences,—but he has the virtuoso hand, and *voilà!* you have D'Albert."

"And as composer?" I asked.

Bülow made a grimace. "No pianoforte-player should be a composer. Perhaps D'Albert has the talent or genius for both, but as composer he is not yet formed, not yet worked out. Naturally a pianist must be able to compose a little; but to be a great pianist requires so much time and study that only a giant can be both."

"And Rubinstein?"

"Oh, that fellow!" cried Bülow, with an expressive gesture. "That fellow is a genius; he walks where none of us can."

"Then what do you mean?" I asked, a little bewildered. "Some moments ago you said there was only one D'Albert; now you say Rubinstein walks where no one else can."

"Well, I mean what I say. D'Albert is the greatest artist possible. Rubinstein is more than an artist."

"Rubinstein is a genius."

"D'Albert is also a genius."

"Dr. von Bülow!" I said, turning on him a look of reproach.

Bülow burst into laughter.

"Make the best of it," he cried.

"Rubinstein is a genius transcendental," I said quickly.

"Ah, you have it. Rubinstein is that at times. D'Albert draws his inspiration from thought and work; Rubinstein from thought, work, and something else I am unable to define, but which is the very essence of all beauty, only he is not equal in this—sometimes you are carried on the wings of his inspiration straight to Olympus, but he has whims and surprises. He may drop you just as quickly to Hades, and that is bad."

"And D'Albert?"

"Oh, D'Albert takes you to Mont Blanc," said Bülow; and as I saw by his manner he was tired of the subject, I dropped it after that, and we went in to our luncheon.

Peacocke had not been with us, so later on I had the satisfaction of telling him Bülow's opinion of D'Albert.

The concert, of course, passed off splendidly, and then next day came our farewells with Bülow, and our seeing the Doctor off to Hamburg. Once or twice we had almost made up our minds to accompany him; but, as our musical tour would have been spoiled, therefore we determined from Berlin to visit Leipzig and Dresden, and then go on to Russia, after which we would return home, intending the following year



to do Austria, Spain, Italy, and even more eastward.

We had arranged to stay till the New Year in Berlin; so, after the Doctor had gone, we unpacked our trunks and settled down into some sort of order, but we felt quite out of sorts with ourselves; and Peacocke, as he had a new violin, or rather an old one, commenced to practise. This, of course, sent me out into the streets, and left me more disconsolate than ever, till a letter from Bülow arrived, telling us that Brahms was coming to give, or rather conduct, a concert of his own, and enclosing for us a letter of introduction.

By repute, I knew Brahms was a crusty, woman-hating individual; but Bülow had played us so much of his music, and explained it to us so well, that I had become quite a Brahms disciple.

Peacocke made awful fun of me about it, and said I only pretended to like Brahms in order to pass well before Bülow, and I only wished I had fingers and could play the Brahms variations on an original theme, Op. 21, No. 1, in order to defend myself, for even if Brahms' music is learned, beautiful much of it is; and as for these variations, they haunted me for months after I had heard Bülow play them one hot, sunny afternoon in Frankfurt.

(To be continued.)

## Gluck's "Orpheus" at Cambridge.

(BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

IT is pleasant on a fine summer's morning to take train and escape from London, with its dust, its busy life, and its piano-forte recitals, which last, indeed, are getting almost as troublesome as the barrel-organs in the streets. Such were my thoughts on Tuesday, May 13, when on my way to Cambridge. On arriving there, it was evident that something of importance was to take place. There was unusual bustle at the station; visitors on foot or in vehicles were going towards the town, and outside the Theatre Royal there were groups of people eager to see all who passed in or out of the building. That evening Gluck's "Orpheus" was to be revived. It would be an exaggeration to say that every one in the town was interested in the event. Students were playing lawn-tennis in the lovely grounds behind the colleges, or strolling about, and many looked as if they would rather remain by the banks of the Cam than visit the Elysian fields where dwell the blessed spirits. The hostess of mine inn declared, indeed, that some friends of hers had given up the idea of going to the theatre, as it was a Greek play, and no one would understand anything. In vain I tried to explain that it was only a Greek legend, to be given as an opera, and in English. She seemed to think I was misinformed.

But to the play.

Gluck's "Orpheus" produced an immense sensation when it was first given at Vienna in 1762, and afterwards in Paris in 1774. The composer felt how "wearisome and ridiculous" Italian opera had become; everything was done to please the taste and flatter the vanity of singers. Gluck tried to write music which would not interrupt the action, or weaken it by superfluous ornament.

The first act opens in a striking manner with its chorus of lamentation for Eurydice, and the placing of votive offerings around her tomb. The air and recitatives for Orpheus are most

effective, but of course there is a certain simplicity about the music strangely at variance with the complicated rhythms and harmonies of the present day. To do Gluck justice, one has to remember that "Orpheus" was written before Mozart began to compose, and nearly ten years before the birth of Beethoven. The songs for Eros, who appears "true friend to a true lover," are graceful and pleasing. The second act opens impressively, with its awful furies guarding the gates of Hades, and Orpheus with his lyre trying to pacify them, as of old David did when he played on his harp before King Saul. The "Non, non, non" of the phantoms, when Orpheus beseeches them to have pity on his grief, is a passage which has gained celebrity by no means undeserved. The scene in the Elysian fields, where wander Eurydice and the happy spirits, forms a wonderful contrast, and it is full of enchanting music.

The return from Hades forms the subject of the third act. Here again, in the aria "Che farò," so often sung on concert platforms, we have a number of the score which has achieved immortality. The opera ends happily, for after Eurydice dies in despair at the apparent indifference of Orpheus, who, in obedience to the orders of Eros, refuses even to look at her, she is restored a second time to life. The scene changes to the Temple of Eros, and the chorus sing the praise of love. The performance of the work under the direction of Professor Stanford, although in some respects faulty, deserves to be well spoken of, for great care had been bestowed on it. Mrs. Alfred Bovill took the part of Orpheus, and of course had a task of great difficulty, but one to which she was scarcely equal. Mrs. Hutchinson and Miss Margaret Davis were the Eurydice and the Eros, and both played and acted with earnestness and intelligence. The stage effects, allowance being made for the smallness of the theatre, were good, particularly the tomb scene and that of the Elysian Fields. Professor Stanford, with a band of thirty-two players, interpreted the music in a satisfactory manner. The chorus was fairly good. There was an appreciative audience. The work was to be repeated every day until the end of the week.

## Streatham Choral Society.

THE Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Charles Stewart Macpherson, gave a very successful performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" on the 5th ult., at the Town Hall. The oratorio is so widely known in its perfection, from the magnificent renderings in the Crystal Palace and other great musical gatherings, that its selection by a young Society was perhaps somewhat ambitious. If so, however, the ambition was justified by the satisfactory result of their three months' study, which showed a striking advance upon the winter concert, when the "Woman of Samaria" and "Bonnie Kilmeny" were given and commented upon in the *Magazine of Music*. The arrangement of the parts was cleverly managed—the sopranos and altos, being much more numerous than the basses and tenors, occupied wings to right and left of them, while the orchestra was placed below the whole body of singers, with the happiest results to the tenors and basses, which suffered last time by the construction of the platform. The choir on this occasion numbered

114 (some 30 members being absent), and the professional orchestra 34. The soloists were: Miss Clara Leighton, Miss Marion Ellis, Mr. H. L. Thomas, and Mr. David Hughes. They all acquitted themselves well and conscientiously; but Mr. Hughes was really great in Elijah's music. His fine and well-trained voice was supplemented by a dramatic earnestness which told powerfully upon the large and attentive audience. The evident enthusiasm of all concerned proves how much may be done for the cause of music by such leaders as Mr. Macpherson, who has proved his musical calibre as composer, pianist, professor, and conductor. In the well-known but trying choruses of the "Elijah," the singers showed their excellent training in tone, in attack, and in sympathetic comprehension, so eminently necessary to their successful rendering, as the passion of the story rises and falls. "Behold, God the Lord passed by" was especially fine in its bursts of magnificent sound and sinkings into awed silence. This concert closed the fourth season of the Society. Looking at the increase of its members and the quality of its work, it is not too much to say that it is a living monument to Mr. Macpherson's genius and perseverance. No society in or around London has made more rapid progress than the Streatham Choral Society.

## The Minister by the Sea.

It rises by the wave-beat shore,  
Damp with the salt foam of the main,  
And down its hallowed aisles no more  
The anthem rings in sweet refrain.  
Each year the waters draw more near:  
Soon shall the sullen tide roll high,  
Where holy lips, to guide and cheer,  
Spoke tender words in days gone by.  
Yet, as beneath the porch I wait,  
The long-dead Past comes back awhile:  
I see the minister rise in state,  
And golden cornfields round it smile.

REFRAIN.—Holy strains are ringing  
Thro' the old-world fane,  
Fancy's might is bringing  
Dead days back again.

The sweet bride passes on her way,  
While blessings shower about her head:  
Then, moved by Fancy's fitful sway,  
I hear the mourners wail the dead.  
The vision fades; I stand alone,—  
Vain were my dreams of days of yore:  
I hearken to the wild waves' moan  
As slowly break they on the shore.  
But love and sorrow shall abide,  
Twin-sovereigns of the subject earth,  
Tho' thou shalt triumph, sullen tide!  
And sweep where flow'rs once waved in mirth.

REFRAIN.—Hark! the wild waves singing,  
Tell their dawning reign:  
Fade my visions bringing  
Dead days back again.

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WILFRID MILLS.

FIRED by the successful revival of Gluck's "Armida" at Vienna, a Viennese critic named Hirschfeld conceived the happy idea of giving a soiree, at which fragments of all the celebrated compositions on the same subject were performed; those of Lully (1686), Handel (1711), Sacchini (1738), and Sarti (1785).

VICTOR NESSLER's new opera, "Die Rose von Strassburg," met with a very cool reception on its first representation at Munich on May 2. The text is said to be below the average, and the music far from striking.

## Mr. Manns' Benefit.



**T**HE Thirty-fourth Annual Series of the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace came to an end on April 26. Those among the audience who arrived early had an opportunity of reading Mr. Manns' address at the beginning of the programme, setting forth the rise and progress of these concerts; and also a list at the close of the composers represented, and the solo players representing them during this thirty-fourth series. Mr. Manns speaks with a just satisfaction of the influence exerted by the Crystal Palace Concerts on the educational progress of musical art in England:—

"The best instrumental works of the most eminent composers of almost every nationality have been produced with all possible care, and

nothing could afford me greater gratification than to know that my labours have been appreciated, and that the musical department has rendered valuable assistance in the healthy development of musical art, as well as ministering to the enjoyment of the many millions of people who have visited the Crystal Palace since I have had the honour to be its musical director."

The concert on the 26th April was Mr. Manns' benefit, and in spite of the wet and gloomy weather, he was warmly received by an unusually large audience. There were several points of special interest, besides the honour due to Mr. Manns—the presence of two distinguished singers, Miss Macintyre and Mr. Henschel, and a Russian pianoforte virtuoso, M. Sapellnikoff; while two of the works given were entirely new at the Palace, and a third had never before been performed in England. This was a serenade (so called, though symphonic in structure) by Miss E. M. Smyth, a young composer of the Leipzig school.

Chamber music from her pen has been played at Leipzig, Amsterdam, and other Continental towns, and a new string quartet is announced for performance in the coming musical season at Leipzig. The claim of the work to the title "Serenade" lies chiefly in the fact that the prevailing character of its four movements may be described as respectively lyrical and humorous. A brief analysis was furnished by the composer. At a first hearing, the second and third movements were the most interesting, being a lively Scherzo and Trio, and a slow movement, "Allegretto Grazioso." At the close Miss Smyth was called to the platform to receive the applause merited by her work.

The next point of unusual interest was the "Lamentatio Davidis," written in the seventeenth century by Heinrich Schutz, for bass voice, organ, and a quartet of trombones, which was performed at the concert of the Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society on March 21st. Mr. Henschel, stationed in the organ loft, gave a most admirable rendering of the words of this pathetic lamentation, accompanied by the full, soft harmony of the organ and four trombones. The effect was very beautiful, and was fully appreciated by the audience. Miss Macintyre sang Meyerbeer's "Roberto, tu che adoro," and two songs by Dr. H. Parry, "Willow, Willow," and "My True Love hath my Heart."

Tschaikowsky's 2nd Concerto for piano and orchestra in G, performed on this occasion for the first time in England, abounds in variety and interest; and M. Sapellnikoff's pianoforte rendering was most spirited.

The second movement of this Concerto, Andante non troppo, forms a marked contrast in style and feeling to the Allegro preceding it, containing, as it does, such passages of grave sweetness and graceful harmonies as have been hitherto rather rare in the works of this talented composer.



The third movement, of brilliant rapidity, received full justice at the hands of the Russian virtuoso, the rapport between him and the orchestra being such that they seemed actuated by one mind; the delicate precision of time adding greatly to the beauty of the performance.

The clever portraits we give of Mr. Manns and M. Sapellnikoff were drawn during the concert by one of the members of the band.

The concert ended with the well-known and ear-haunting Overture to "Tannhäuser;" and Mr. Manns, as usual, marked his sense of justice by dividing his plaudits with the band, emphatically joining in the applause, with his face turned to the orchestra.

Works have been performed during the season composed by Beethoven (12), Sterndale Bennett, Berlioz (2), Brahms (2), J. F. Bridge, F. Cliffe, C. H. Coudery, F. Cowen, Dvorák, E. German, Gluck, Goetz, Goldmark (2), Grieg, Haydn, Salo, Liszt (2), MacCunn (3), Macfarren, Mackenzie, Massenet, Mendelssohn (5), Mozart (2), Rosenhain, Rossini, Saint-Saëns (5), Scholz, Schutz, Schubert (2), Schumann (3), E. M. Smyth, Spohr (2), Sullivan (2), F. Simpson, Tschalkowsky (2), Wagner (12), and Weber (4).

The following solo artists have appeared, those with an asterisk appended to their names for the first time:—

Vocalists.—Mesdames Grace Damian, \*Margaret Davies, Fillunger (2), Elvira Gambogi, Hope Glenn, Henschel, \*Lucile Hill, Hutchinson, Agnes Larkcom, Liza Lehmann, Macintyre (2), Marian M'Kenzie, Annie Marriott, \*Marie Mely, Nordica, Louise Pyk, \*Amelia Sinico, Anna Williams, Hilda Wilson, Alice Whitacre Messrs. \*Charles Ackerman, \*Henry Bailey, \*E. J. Bell, W. H. Brereton, \*Thornton Colvin, \*Edward Dalzell, \*Albert Fairbairn, \*Lewis Frederick, Plunket Greene, \*Robert Grice, \*Gregory Hast, Henschel (3), Edward Lloyd (4), \*Charles Manners, Watkin Mills, \*Webster Norcross, Henry Piercy, \*D. Price, \*Norman Salmond, \*Avon Saxon, \*Wm. Saxton, Braxton Smith.

Pianists.—Mesdames Fanny Davies, \*Backer-Gröndahl, Anna Falk-Mehlig, Sophie Menter, \*Roger Miclos, \*Marian Osborn. \*Señor Albeniz, Sir Charles Hallé, \*Mr. Frederick Lamond, \*Gospodin Sapellnikoff, Herr Stavenhagen.

Violin.—\*Miss Nettie Carpenter, Lady Hallé, Dr. Joseph Joachim, Herr Hans Wessely.

Violoncello.—Monsieur Ernest Gillet.

## Young People's Orchestral Concerts.

**I**T was a happy idea of Mr. Henschel to arrange a short series of concerts with programmes containing works which the young folk would find easy to understand, and therefore pleasant to listen to. Besides, programme-books were provided, giving historical and analytical notes, so that they might learn something about the lives of the great musicians, and about the character and form of the various pieces played. The analytical comments were studiously simple, so that the youngest might pick up some useful information.

And not only was the scheme itself a good one, but it was admirably carried out. The programme of the first concert on Wednesday afternoon, April 16, commenced with three movements from Bach's Suite in D. This was followed by a Symphony in G of Haydn's, one of the master's most genial works. Then



ballet-music by Gluck, and pieces by Mendelssohn, Reinecke, and Rossini. Mrs. Henschel sang some songs by Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms, and in the most delightful manner.

At the second concert on Wednesday, April 30, Mozart's "Linz" Symphony in C was the *pièce de résistance*. Monsigny's "Chaconne et Rigaudon," from his opera "Aline," and Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," proved light and dainty morsels, suitable not only to the young, but to persons of all ages. Again Mrs. Henschel delighted the audience with three songs from Kingsley's "Water Babies," composed by Mr. Henschel.

At the third and last concert on Wednesday, May 7, Beethoven's first Symphony was given. This work was particularly welcome, for it is not often that one has an opportunity of hearing it. The lovely ballet air from Schubert's "Rosamunde," and three movements from the characteristic "Peer Gynt" suit by Grieg formed special attractions. The Overture to "Genoveva" by Schumann was perhaps a little above the heads of the young folk, but they could enjoy the spirited and tuneful "Rienzi" Overture. Mrs. Henschel sang songs by Mendelssohn, Franz and Arthur Herve. A graceful May-song by the last-named was encored.

It is unnecessary to speak in detail about the various performances. They were all good, and indeed Mr. Henschel appeared to conduct with special care and ability. We have spoken about Mrs. Henschel's successes; it is perhaps only fair to mention how much she was indebted to the admirable accompaniments on the piano by her husband. The attendance at the first concert was not large, but at the second and third there was a marked improvement, especially as regards the young folk.

## The Eighth Psalm.

COMPOSED BY HAMISH MACCUNN.

PERFORMED AT THE OPENING OF THE EDINBURGH ELECTRIC EXHIBITION, MAY 1ST, 1890.

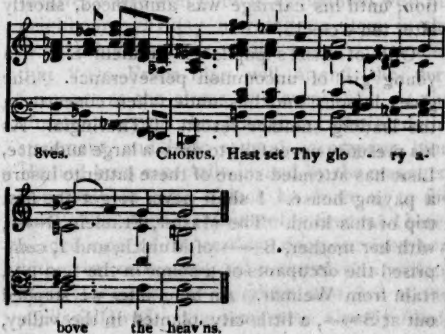
THE promising genius which produced such tender blossoms as "Bonnie Kilmeny," and such healthy buds as "Lord Ullin's Daughter" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," is fast running to seed under too warm a sun and through want of resolute pruning and self-restraint. "The Cameronian's Dream," which I had occasion to criticise in the March number of the Magazine, showed carelessness, but there was no doubt of the skill which lay almost unused; the Eighth Psalm shows no trace either of care or skill. The dignity and seriousness with which Mr. MacCunn's predecessors have ever striven to invest this class of composition is entirely wanting; of part-writing or counterpoint there is none, and the only trace of originality is in startling transitions of key; for modulations they cannot be called. A composer need not be tied down to follow on the progressive lines of Palestrina, Bach, or Mendelssohn when he writes music to a Psalm; but any new departure must be justified by complete success, and if it is not contrapuntal its interest ought at least to be carefully sustained by all possible devices in originality and freshness of treatment. Above all, the nobility and purity of style striven after so earnestly and along such steep paths

of study by these old-world composers must be the aim also of any modern musician who is ambitious of being remembered by even an immediate future.

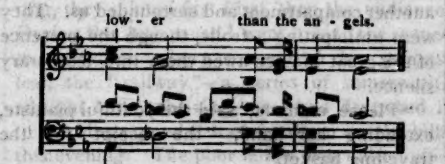
A very cursory description of Mr. MacCunn's work will show how far short his Psalm falls of any such ideal. The accompaniment is printed, certainly not written for organ, as the introduction (more suggestive of a march for meistersingers and their apprentices than of the stately ceremonial of the Temple at Jerusalem) at once will show.



The short phrases, "How excellent is Thy Name," make us think that the young composer is not above studying the beautiful Psalms of Mendelssohn; but the next page immediately dispels such an idea.



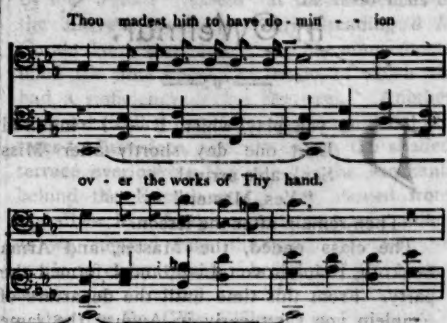
This is not modulation but murder. Anything more suggestive of amateur part-writing than these last two bars it is impossible to conceive, except perhaps the next cadence which occurs.



The transition from A minor to E♭ is also worth quoting:



and the specimen of organ-writing which follows:



This accompanies a short suggestion of counterpoint and the "Cameronian's Dream." An effective fugue begins on page 12. Unfortunately it gets no further than this enunciation of the subject, and we part from counterpoint to a pastoral symphony, p. 14.

The most original touch in the Psalm is kept for page 15, where the listener is hurled from the Paths of the Sea in D♭, and thrown bleeding into the path of the introduction again:



Every note after (+) has the effect of a stab, or rather a blow from a bludgeon. The first two pages are repeated, so we are spared any new shocks, and the work closes with two time-honoured chords to "Amen." As no phrases are developed, there is, of course, no repetition of the words, and therefore the Psalm is very short. And it is a serious disappointment to find this the most praiseworthy feature of the work.

An enormous audience listened to the first performance in the hall of the new Exhibition. Mr. MacCunn conducted his own work, and between the unfinished state of the organ, the apparently incorrect angle of the mirror, the essentially unsuitable organ-part and other causes, the performance was quite worthy of the work. Round the walls of the hall names of great men looked down on us and reminded us in turn of the "Messiah," the Imperial Mass, the Requiem, the Great Mass in D, Cherubini's Church Music, the Advent Hymn, the "Elijah," and the last name on the wall surely blushed in the presence of such a cloud of witnesses as their memory and traditions were set at naught by the last work from his pen.

F. S. P.

A YOUNG but rising bass who is making a mark particularly in the west of London, gave a concert at Queen's Park Hall, on the 4th March, which was the most successful, both in audience and artistically, ever given in this hall. Mr. Edward T. Heron, besides singing himself, obtained the services of several well-known artists, including Madame Evans-Warwick, Miss Minnie Laurie, and Messrs. Basil Althaus, Z. Constantine, J. B. Helsby, and J. L. Phillips. The latter gentleman accompanied Mr. T. W. Turner in his new song, "Jack's Fancies," which gained the favour of all present. Mr. Helsby sang two of his original songs equally successful. Mr. Heron's fine voice was heard to advantage in Jude's "Deep in the Mire," and his reception was such, that considerable time elapsed before silence could be restored, and an encore given.



## A Summer with Liszt in Weimar.

—:o:—

"DO you play whist, B——?" inquired Liszt one day shortly after Miss Senkrah's arrival.

"Yes, Master."

"Then remain after the lesson."

The class ended, the Master, and Arma Senkrah, Fräulein von Liszt, and I formed the party. From this time until the departure of Fräulein von Liszt, early in August, the same four played regularly after each lesson, unless Fräulein Breidenstein, the oratorio singer, happened to come in from Erfurt, when she became my partner. However, Miss Amy Fay arrived just in time to fill the vacancy. Mrs. Harkness and two or three favourite pupils always remained, and occasionally formed a second party at whist. At the start the English game was played; but one day the Master said, "We will try Russian whist to-day." It was new to me. My mistakes amused Liszt, who called me ever afterwards "the desired opponent," even, as he said, when I no longer deserved the appellation. He is great at whist; it is his recreation after work. Often we were bidden on the "off" days to come at four o'clock for a quiet rubber. When he played, a small table placed at his side held a lighted candle and a broad, flat shell, on which he laid at intervals the long, slender cigar he so fondly smoked. The unoccupied ones present always vied for the honour of keeping it burning. Although the Master attentively watched the game, he invariably entertained us with interesting talk, while the cards were being dealt. These quiet games, free from restraint, were to us all the most enjoyable hours spent in his society. One afternoon a hand organ began grinding in the garden under the open windows. To hear that instrument of torture before Franz Liszt's house was ludicrous, and a general burst of laughter greeted the first notes of a waltz from "Gasparone."

"Here, T——," and the Master felt in his pocket, "hurry down and give him this. I threw him a mark yesterday; he shall have only half the amount to-day. Tell him to hurry off."

Liszt spoke both French and German on these occasions; he understands English, but never carries on a conversation in that tongue, though he would repeat some of our remarks that amused him. One day Miss Fay glanced dubiously at a card he had led, and said quietly, "I don't like that," before playing. The Master thought it quite amusing, and would repeat, "I don't like that!" when at a disadvantage.

In a secluded garden room of the "Hotel zum Elephanten," eight gentlemen sat enjoying the after-dinner repose. The patriarchal figure of Franz Liszt, towards whom all eyes were directed, occupied the head of the table. Every feature expressed contentment as he leaned back on the high, deep sofa, sent an occasional whiff of cigar smoke curling above his head, and listened to his friend, Dr. Gille, relating reminiscences of other days. Stradal, our host, sat at his left, and anticipated every wish of the beloved Master. The Court Councillor cleared his throat, knocked the ashes from his cigar, and began: "It was many years ago. Johanna Wagner, then in her prime, had sung 'Orpheus' with great success at the opera here in Weimar, and Master had directed. After the performance she invited Master and myself, with three or four others, to sup with her in her lodgings. When

the repast was finished, Master requested Johanna to sing. 'Very well,' said she, 'if Master will accompany me.' She chose the 'Erl King,' by Lowe,—the same who wrote 'Archibald Douglas,'—and sang it well, as only Johanna could. When she had finished, Master continued playing as though inspired, extemporizing on the theme of the song. Johanna stood motionless at his side, spell-bound, like the rest of us. As the last notes died away, Johanna burst into tears, threw her arms about Master's neck, and sobbed out, 'Ach, dear Master, I will never again sing that song! Nothing shall mar the recollection of this evening!'

"Yes, yes," said the Master, smiling as the incident was ended; "I remember it well."

"On another occasion," continued the narrator, as he took a pinch of snuff, "Master and several of us from Weimar were spending the evening out at Berka with Ferdinand David of Leipzig, who had taken lodgings there for the summer. David desired to try a new composition through with Master. 'You will find the piano part,' said he, as he touched the music with his bow, 'very difficult.' We all felt indignation at David's arrogance, but Master said nothing. The piece began with a broad majestic movement; the piano part grew more and more brilliant. David's face changed expression, as though some important fact were dawning upon him, and finally he stopped playing altogether. 'Why,' he gasped, 'he is playing the violin part too!' Master continued without noticing the mortified violinist, and with orchestral effect brought the piece to a magnificent close. It was a rebuke that David could never forget."

In this strain, Dr. Gille and some of the pupils recalled incidents in the life of the Master, who frequently joined in the conversation, until his carriage was announced, shortly after ten o'clock.

One of Liszt's pupils is Fräulein S——, a young girl of uncommon perseverance. She gives lessons, and has undertaken concerts in the leading summer resorts of Thuringia. As his presence never fails to draw a large audience, Liszt has attended some of these latter to insure a paying house. I shall never forget the first trip of this kind. The Master, Fräulein S——, with her mother, B—— of Munich, and I, comprised the occupants of a coupé in the 1.30 P.M. train from Weimar. An hour later we stepped out at S——, a little city, planted in the valley, with numerous summer hotels and cottages growing up and over the beautiful hills that shut it in. Fräulein S——, the singer, with a body of English and German boarding-school girls under the chaperonage of her mother, quitted another compartment and surrounded us. They were anticipating a frolic, though the presence of the great Master awed them into temporary silence.

"Please, mamma," said the youthful pianiste, extending her hand, "the receipt for the travelling basket."

"I have none! They gave me no receipt for it in Weimar!" exclaimed the startled matron.

Search proved the object of solicitude missing. Whether conveyed farther, or still in Weimar, there was no passenger train to return it before nine o'clock. Every face expressed consternation; only the penetrating gaze of Liszt prevented a scene. At our suggestion both artistes drove with him to the Kurhaus, the principal hotel, where the concert was to take place. Then Frau S—— admitted that an introduction to Liszt at the station in Weimar so overcame her that she had not thought of the basket after the porter had brought it in from the cab. Besides, it was not marked with her name.

"What shall we do?" wailed the poor woman. "We cannot have the concert, for their dresses and music are in the basket. If the Master were not here, it would be different, and he so generous and good to come too!"

After much telegraphing, the basket was found in Weimar, where the porter had first put it down, and placed on a freight-train just departing for S——. We drove in a heavy rain to the Kurhaus, whither the ladies had preceded us. In a small, damp, dismal room, that served as main entrance to the hotel, sat Liszt and Fräulein S——, drinking their afternoon coffee. A crowd of ladies and children hovered about the doorway of the large dining-hall, and stared curiously at the Master.

News of the basket's safety was hailed with fervent thanksgivings. I chose an opportunity to reconnoitre, and new troubles arose. Through the mismanagement of Fräulein S—— a few days before, neither the Kurhaus proprietor nor the townspeople knew of the concert. The dining-hall was hastily put in order for the evening, a few hand-bills were sent out, and, as we afterwards learned, the guests in the house notified their friends in the hotels and cottages of Liszt's arrival. There was not one available room in the house for the Master. I argued repeatedly but vainly with the proprietor. Liszt created a flutter among the guests when he entered the dining-room and ran his fingers over the keys of the piano which Herr H—— of Weimar had just put up. The assemblage beamed with a delight of short duration, for the Master arose and departed. We tried to make him comfortable in the deserted public room. Immediately every woman and child in the house, it seemed, invented errands which took them this way. With locked doors we guarded his repose. At half-past four, Liszt drove to the castle to visit friends, and took me as far as the railway station. After the usual delays, the freight train came in. A porter shouldered the basket, and we walked over the long hill to the Kurhaus. The girls met us, caught up the basket, and ran off, shouting with delight, to a private room temporarily at their disposal.

In the concert hall a large easy-chair had been placed in the middle aisle before the platform for Liszt. Some of the ladies at the hotel reserved for themselves all the adjacent seats. I knew the Master would not take so conspicuous a seat, and proposed a better position on one side. The ladies gathered their cards from the chair and followed. Another group approached them.

"Why do you take these places? You saw our cards here," said one.

"We told you that we intended sitting near Liszt, no matter where his chair stood," was the unblushing reply. "We have put your cards on just as good seats over the aisle." The second detachment was vanquished. News of Liszt's arrival crowded the concert room in the evening. All eyes were directed to a side door through which he should enter. At the first glimpse of his snow-white head a burst of applause greeted him. He led Fräulein S—— to the platform, turned to his seat, and gracefully acknowledged the hearty reception. B—— and I had places at his side. The ladies in the rear hung on his every look and movement, as though he were a divine being.

Barring a few minor mishaps, the concert was a success. The local city church organist, an awkward, nervous old man, with short, corpulent body, supplied the singer's accompaniments. He tiptoed in his heavy, squeaking boots to the platform; seated himself at the instrument; fumbled in all his pockets; finally produced a small case; pulled out a pair of spectacles; put them on, but at once removed and polished them



with a voluminous red handkerchief; gazed a moment at Liszt as if to gain courage; leisurely hunted his place in the book before him; gave Liszt a hasty look, and began pecking nervously at the keys. His style of playing annoyed the Master, who made an occasional *sotto-voce* criticism to me. Fräulein S— was in the midst of her next number, a stormy composition, when discordant noises from the piano indicated something on the wires. Several of us darted simultaneously to the pianist's assistance. The accompanist's spectacle-case was bouncing about like a rubber ball. The owner retired in confusion with his property, and the music went on. When the funny man again appeared, he fidgeted about as usual until ready to play, raised his hands above the keyboard, and—stopped short. Something was evidently wrong, and he began to cast searching glances at the audience. His eyes were set, his face sullen, as he leaned forward and beckoned angrily, giving a broad sweep of the index finger towards the shoulder, and a rapid jerk of the head. A waiter, with a huge napkin on his arm, hurried precipitately forward, vanished through a side-door, and reappeared with the piano lamps, which had been removed when Fräulein S— played. The accompanist vented his agitation in an aimless staccato prelude with one hand,—loud pedals on,—ending abruptly on the upper notes. This last almost upset the gravity of the spectators. At the close of the concert the Master bowed gallantly to the ladies, whose infatuation for him had made them conspicuous, and repaired with us to the public room, where supper had been prepared for our party. The other tables were reserved by the hotel guests, in anticipation of this event. A portion of the audience crowded into the room and obstructed the doorway; some even stood on chairs in the far background to get a glimpse of Liszt, who sat apparently oblivious to it all. After supper the Master grew very weary, and said he would take a chair into the little entry beyond, where it was dark and quiet, and try to rest. B— mounted guard at the outer door. It was impossible longer to endure the indifference manifested by the landlord for Liszt's comfort. I appealed to the guests, who were, each and all, eager to be of assistance. "Why did you not tell us before? He shall have my room! What a perfect shame!" exclaimed they in chorus. Just then B— hurried towards me. "It is too late. A lady tried to get through the farther door; the Master heard her and unlocked it. She was indignant to see him so carelessly treated by the proprietor, and invited him to her room, made him comfortable on the couch, and we have just left him alone." The ladies now made themselves agreeable to our party, and easily persuaded Fräulein S— to return to the concert hall and play. An hour later the Master walked into the public room, quite refreshed by his short nap. An army officer's wife handed me a card and pencil, and implored me to procure his autograph. I explained that it would be impossible, as he wrote on his photographs only when requested by pupils or friends. "I should so much like a souvenir of him and this evening," sighed the lady. As the Master made his simple toilet before the concert, a handful of hair had come out on the comb, and I had put this in my card-case, thinking it would sufficiently answer the lady's request. I produced the tangle of long, snowy hair, which was viewed with exclamations of delight. "Oh! oh! oh!" came from a dozen throats at once, before I had time to explain. A dozen hands were outstretched as the ladies closed in around me: "Give me some! Give me some!" The half had been portioned out, when one of the group snatched from my

hand the remainder. As she persistently refused to divide her spoils, the crowd dispersed. It was now time to go to the train. Fräulein S—, B—, and I accompanied the Master. At midnight we steamed into Weimar, but were compelled to wait several minutes before the station for Liszt's carriage. Miska sprang from the box, and made profuse apologies in broken German, which the Master good-naturedly accepted. We bade him good-night at his house door.

The succeeding day, at the close of the lesson, Fräulein von Liszt said to the Master:

"The Fräuleins Stahr requested me to ask if you would attend the circus with some of us one evening this week?"

"Who? I? You must have misunderstood them," said he in surprise.

"No, I have not; they said you had gone with them before."

"I have not been inside a circus for five-and-twenty years! You tell the Fräuleins Stahr for me that they have been mistaken."

That evening the party from the Russian Hotel, with additional ladies, went to the circus. The tent was pitched in an open square adjoining the Grand Ducal Museum, and, though small, the performance was excellent. I observed that the general tone was much higher than that of similar organizations in America; the rough element was utterly wanting. A number of ladies walked behind the scenes to pet the dogs and horses.

I took occasion to address the English clown, who was quite delighted to hear his mother tongue. He sent for and introduced his wife, who gave me a hearty shake of the hand. A group of army officers, interested in athletic sports, stood about the entrance and conversed with the performers. It was like a cosy family theatre, where every one is acquainted with his neighbour. Friday morning an item in the local column of the daily paper announced that "Dr. Franz Liszt will attend the performance at the circus this evening." At the afternoon lesson the Master corroborated the statement, and bade several accompany him. He had been especially invited by the manager. Punctually at eight o'clock he drove up to the tent. The manager, in evening dress and bare-headed, opened the carriage door, received him with great ceremony, and escorted him within. Mrs. Harkness, her daughter, and five of the pupils followed. The seats were already filled. The band played a march as we entered the second row, where an arch of green boughs had been erected over the space reserved for the Master and his court. The performance began immediately. As the artistes stepped into the ring, they saluted first Liszt, then the audience. During the long pause I went behind the scenes to request the clown to perform his greatest feat, the "railway"—a series of somersaults straight across the ring—as I had described it to the Master, and it was not down on the bills this evening. The poor fellow was quite indisposed, but cheerfully complied when his act came on, and received more applause from the Master than his fellow-performers had. Then the "fire-steed Miranda" skipped through burning hoops, waltzed amidst a shower of sparks, and the programme was ended. The manager was instantly at Liszt's side to lead the way through the crowd. "This is the proudest day of my life, Master," said he, as they reached the carriage.

"I have enjoyed it very much," responded Liszt; "it is the first circus I have visited in five-and-twenty, or possibly thirty years."

The next day the Fräuleins Stahr left for the North Sea coast to spend their midsummer vacation, though the party at the Russian

Hotel remained otherwise unbroken. During their absence the Sunday *soirées* were replaced by four o'clock "coffees" at the residences of the different Lisztians. Mind-reading *à la* Cumberland, stage-coach, and like amusements filled the time instead of music, of which we had a sufficiency during the week. Another time we strolled out under the magnificent old trees to Belvedere, and supped on the shaded terrace overlooking the city, as the sun sank behind the Ettersberg. Lights peeped from the silver haze hanging over the lovely valley as we stepped into the park fronting the castle to enjoy the view before starting homeward.

One day Dr. Gille, Göllicherich of Vienna, and I sat with the Master at his dinner-table, discussing the excellent qualities of the last course—musk melon.

"Is that not the work of young Herr von M—?" asked G—, pointing to a large drawing hanging on the wall.

"Yes!" replied the Master, with sudden interest. "The boy evinced unusual ability as an artist, but chose another profession. One evening several years since,—he was then only fourteen years of age,—I played my music to Longfellow's 'Bells of Strasburg' at his mother's home. He was studying his lessons in a neighbouring room at the time, though I knew nothing of it. A week or ten days later the Baroness showed me this picture as it now appears. He had been so deeply impressed with the words and music that he presented his conception of the poem in this sketch, made in the short interval. I was so much pleased with the creation that I asked him to give it to me, which he did. The poem is in one of two volumes entitled 'Legends,' continued he, addressing me. "I knew Longfellow myself years since—perhaps ten or twelve—in Rome, during Pius IX.'s time. He first called on me; I returned the visit, and he came again, without our ever meeting. So I wrote him an hour when I should be at home. It was holiday time, the last of December, and I awaited him after the *Te Deum*. When the bell rang, my servant was out, and there chanced to be no one else in the house, so I went to open the door. Longfellow and our common friend Healey, the painter, stood in the dark outer corridor. In one hand I carried a candle, and, as I peered into the gloom, shaded my eyes from the light with the other. Healey then grasped the idea, and afterwards painted a portrait of me in that position. Longfellow had it in his possession at the time of his death, I believe. He had a charming family—quite charming! I met them frequently that winter."

We now passed into the drawing-room, and played a rubber at whist. While waiting for dinner the Master spoke of a certain celebrated writer who had financially ruined himself by his exceeding hospitality. "That reminds me," added he, "I must write Siloti to change his *soirée* Tuesday to four o'clock in the afternoon. He has invited eighteen already, and a supper for that number with wines, etc., is too extravagant! A plain coffee is more reasonable. I shall write him at once, and say I will decline for supper!" He seated himself at his writing-desk, and spoke the words aloud as he slowly traced the characters on the paper. "Dear friend Silotissimus" (an affectionate mode of address for S—, who is a great favourite of his), "Your—company—is—at—four—o'clock—Tuesday—afternoon. Have—only—cake—wine—sandwiches?" said he musingly. "No, that is too much," and he wrote, "perhaps—cognac—and—seltzer water—and—" here he hesitated; "Yes!—music. Now! that will do," he exclaimed, with satisfaction,—signed himself



with a flourish. "Siloti must have that this afternoon," was his final remark as Miska announced dinner.

Siloti, however, coaxed the Master into coming at eight o'clock the following Tuesday evening. He had dined with the Grand Duke at Belvedere, and wore his long Abbe's coat, with a single order fastened in a buttonhole. Siloti first arranged for him a rubber of whist with his customary associates, though the Master suggested that the others might be hungry. Then our host, who is one of Liszt's very best pupils, played a "Mazeppa" by some Russian composer, a countryman of his. Miss Senkrah and Siloti performed the Master's "Hungarian Fantaisie" (dedicated to Joachim) for violin and piano in splendid style. Both were thoroughly aroused. I had never before heard the violinist play with such fire and abandon; her instrument seemed a soul that breathed and had human passions. Liszt led in the prolonged applause that ensued. He again suggested supper, but Siloti said, "Just wait a moment, please, Master, until we play a little Russian melody."

"Good! good!" was the kindly reply.

After supper Wilhelm Posse of Berlin, who visits the Master a few days each summer, played his own arrangement of Liszt's third "Liebestraum" for harp. The Master once said to me, "In my opinion, Posse is the greatest harpist since Parish-Alvus." More need not be said; Parish-Alvus died in 1849, and Posse is just thirty-two years of age. Liszt could not sufficiently express his pleasure and gratification with Posse's wonderful music. To our intense delight he went to the piano and played the first "Liebestraum," adding at the close a long improvisation. We who heard him on this particular occasion can never forget it; there is magic in his touch! The Master was weary and left; the ladies likewise. Posse then played Chopin's piano "Etude" in A flat (Op. 25, No. 1), his own "Scherzo," and Liszt's "Consolation" magnificently. The gentlemen gathered about a long table; coffee, beer, and cigars were served, and the story-tellers warmed to their tasks.

In her biography of him, Fräulein Rumann writes: "Liszt is not a genius; he is a phenomenon." A lady recently said to me, "His heart is as great as his playing." This thought recurs to me especially when I recall the day in S—. Neither before nor since, at home or abroad, have I seen deference and attentions less than those demanded by a sovereign shown him. Throughout the long, weary hours he submitted patiently to discomforts and annoyances, unknown in his old age at least. Not one look or question betrayed his mental observations. With his pupils especially he is tender and fatherly. While eager to make some return for his kindness, and show appreciation of the privileges granted them, his greatness is an obstacle to many who grow dumb and helpless in his presence. Ever generous and kind, he is ready to encourage talent or assist the needy. His benevolence is proverbial and frequently abused. Though the city of Weimar forbids "soliciting alms" within its limits, many a well-dressed beggar finds his or her way to the liberal giver at the Court garden. To know Liszt is to love him.

So the fighting over the disputed Toronto musical degrees still rages, and attack and counter-attack go merrily on. Our American cousins seem to enjoy the spectacle, and tell each other that in this effete little island, where queen is spelt with a capital Q, great importance is naturally attached to such titles as Mus. Bac. and Mus. Doc.—almost as much, we might add, as to the distinction of Judge or General in a country which nobody has ever accused of being effete.

## Words for Music.

BY HAROLD OAKLEY.

WE continually hear complaints around us as to the emptiness of the songs of the present day. "How is it," asks one, "that nearly all the good English songs were written fifty years or so ago?" "Why is it," asks another, "that the words of the songs published now-a-days are always so stupid?"

Has public taste deteriorated? No, on the contrary, it has improved. Are the song-composers of to-day inferior to those of fifty years ago? By no means; they are if anything superior and much more numerous. The accompaniments of most of our old songs were most elementary in construction. The melodies are good, certainly, but their great charm lies in the beauty and simplicity of the words as compared with the nonsensical rhymes of the present day. Music in England has made wonderfully rapid strides during the last half century, more so, perhaps, than any other country, and can boast at the present day of composers of world-wide reputation, and as a musical nation is now second to none in the world.

The true reason, in our opinion, of the deterioration of songs is the scarcity of good words for setting to music.

Song-composers are very numerous. In addition to the number of song-composers who turn out a number of songs every year, most professional musicians issue one or two songs during their career, the number they issue depending upon the success they meet with: then again a great number of amateurs figure as song-composers: some of our best and most popular songs have been written by amateurs. This may seem strange, but our readers must bear in mind that composers, like poets, are "born, not made," and only require a musical education to teach them how to express their ideas correctly. How many people are born and die with an embryo talent for composition which never comes to light?

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

But we are wandering from our subject.

As we said before, song-composers are very numerous, the demand of the public for novelties so great, and really good song-writers so scarce, that they cannot supply the demand for original words, and consequently composers are bound to fall back on rubbishy words, and are even obliged sometimes to write their own words—a proceeding but rarely satisfactory.

All the best poems have been set to music over and over again, and to try to improve on the musical setting of Mrs. Hemans's "Thou'rt Passing Hence" and "The Better Land," after they have been immortalized by Sullivan and Cowen, would be an act of presumption on the part of one of the lesser lights among composers, and would hold the truth of the saying that "comparisons are odious."

In consequence, therefore, of the great demand for new songs and the scarcity of good words, a number of poetasters are set to work to concoct some nonsensical rhymes, the only merit of which may be said to lie in their ingenuity.

Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"  
In the next line it "whispers through the trees."  
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"  
The reader's threatened "not in vain—with 'sleep.'"  
Then at the last and only couplet, fraught  
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,  
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Love-songs have deteriorated into words of senseless heart-burning, and longing after the not-to-be. Men are represented as pouring forth their declaration of love in mournful and unmanly strains. Women,

on the contrary, declare their hopeless passion in a few used-up phrases set to a lively waltz refrain. A song of a love-sick maiden usually commences in this style—

She sat upon the shore, gazing on the sea,  
Sighing—softly sighing—"Love, come back to me."

Or if she is not on the sea-shore you will generally find her

Sitting by the casement, when the lights are low,  
Breathing forth her message, "Love, I love you so!"

The above must of course be set to a lively waltz refrain, and the last verse will generally be found to modulate into the minor key.

Then, again, the words of our nautical songs lack the manly style of those of Dibdin and Henry Russell, and are often ridiculed by seafaring men. A number of "Yo ho's!" and a few empty rhymes, such as—

Yò ho, my lads! see how we sail,  
She gaily rides before the gale,

are considered quite good enough for musical treatment.

A composer cannot possibly feel at all inspired when treating with words of a poverty-stricken class, whereas a really good poem seems to inspire musical treatment on a first reading. For my own part, I never read a good poem without singing it over in my mind, the poem seeming, as it were, to invite musical treatment.

But to write really good words for music is by no means an easy matter. Some of our greatest poets have failed as song-writers. Take Lord Byron, for instance: how many of his poems are suitable for musical treatment? He wrote a number of "stanzas for music," but very few of these are of any use to composers. Indeed, amongst our great poets but few can be reckoned as successful song-writers. Scotland has its Burns and Ireland its Moore, and when you have added Samuel Lover and Dibdin to the list, we have about exhausted them. These latter two, however, cannot be called great poets. Eliza Cook, in our opinion, has written some beautiful poems, but she can hardly be called a great song-writer.

A song-writer has to keep the following essential points well in view—

To get a good subject into as small a space as possible, giving some special interest to the last words of the song. To be most particular as regards metre, the composer having to divide the lines into an equal number of bars. To use as simple words as possible, taking care at the same time that the words used are easy to sing and do not contain too many hissing and guttural sounds. A line like the following—

Beneath the shades of spreading trees,

is totally unfit for singing purposes, as it contains too many hissing consonants, and does not allow the singer to open his mouth sufficiently. The words should consist as much as possible of open vowels.

Samuel Lover may be mentioned as one of our best song-writers; being a composer of no mean merit, he thoroughly understood his work. It seems to us a pity that some of our eminent song-composers do not reset some of Samuel Lover's poems. The poet himself set most of his own words to music, but still there may be room for improvement, and composers will go a long way before they get better words.

The public are pretty sharp at appreciating good music; why do they not also appreciate good words? The reason is that they give little or no attention to the words of a song; so long as the music pleases them, that is all they care about. Let them cease to buy songs with rubbishy words, and then, and not till then, such words will cease to be written.

MR. EDWARD LLOYD has been making a triumphal progress in the United States and Canada. He followed up his great success at the festival of the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston by one equally great at Montreal. It is stated, we know not on what authority, that Mr. Lloyd was offered £200 to sing at a private entertainment to the Governor-General. If the fact be as reported, it may also be true that the terms of his engagement did not permit him to sing.



## Welsh Memo. and Musings.

BY "AP THOMAS."

### A PECULIARITY IN WELSH MUSIC.

THE heathen Saxon maybe has often pondered upon the why and the wherefore of the general spirit of sadness and mournfulness which seems to pervade the whole realm of Welsh music. It will interest him to know upon the authority of my friend Mr. Evelyn Evans—and I know no higher authority on Welsh music—that this peculiarity is due, not to my inherent liking for dismal tunes in the Welsh temperament, but to the Puritanic character of Welsh Nonconformity, which looked upon delight in music as absolutely sinful. Such strait-laced notions belong only to the limbo of the past. Yet delight in all minor-key tunes exhibits no signs of decadence, and apparently is destined to continue so long as Welsh Nonconformity prevails. When analysed, the Welsh nature is found to be rabidly conservative in many things.

### SUCCESS OF A DOWLAIS VOCALIST.

Miss Maggie Davies, of Dowlais, has just scored a most gratifying success at the Royal College of Music. Having completed her four years' course of studies at the College, she decided to enter as a candidate for the examination for associates. The candidates totalled thirty-five, the majority of whom, like Miss Davies, made singing their chief subject. All were required to write an essay on Handel's oratorio, to sing from memory an operatic or oratorio solo of their own selection, to work a four-part harmony paper, to learn six solos by different composers, and to sing at sight. A stiff enough examination in all conscience, but Miss Davies passed triumphantly; and as a consequence occupies a position at the very head of the College. On May 13th Miss Davies took part in the production of Gluck's "Orpheus" at Cambridge. That she was again a success is evident by the appended extract from the *Times*:—

"Miss Margaret Davies, in the small, short, but not unimportant part of Eros, sings the two lovely songs in the first act with delicacy and refinement, and her demeanour is sufficiently dignified. Even the small operatic tuition the young singer has received in connection with the performance given by the Royal College of Music has borne good fruit, and the rendering of the part added very greatly to the beauty of the whole."

### A GOLD MEDAL FOR A SWANSEA STUDENT.

I have also to record the success of a Swansea student, Miss Emily Squire, who recently, out of thirty candidates, carried off the Llewelyn-Thomas gold medal at the Royal Academy of Music. The competition was for the best rendition by soprano vocalists of "O Virgin Mother," from Dvorák's "Spectre Bride," and Sullivan's "Guinevere." This is the third distinction Miss Squire has secured at the Royal Academy, one, strange to say, being the Sainton-Dolby gold medal for a contralto song, and another the Llewelyn-Thomas medal for a soprano solo. Miss Squire's voice, however, is a mezzo-soprano, and she has the extensive compass of two and a half octaves.

### CARDIFF "POPS" SEASON.

Last month, by the courtesy of Mr. Jacob Davies, the conductor of the Cardiff Choral Union, I was enabled to give in this column a few of the engagements he had already concluded for the next season of Saturday "Pops." My readers, especially Cardiffians, will now be interested to have an almost complete list. The mere perusal will satisfy them of its undoubted excellence, and that such musical fare at such humble prices has never before been offered the district public. Here is the list:—

1889.  
Nov. 1. Miss Fanny Moody, Mr. Charles Manners, and Mr. T. Sharples, F.C.O.

1889.

Nov. 8. Miss Alice Gomez and Herr Felix Berber (violin).  
Nov. 15. Miss Amy Martin and Mr. Ffrangeon Davies, M.A.  
Nov. 22. Miss Marian Mackenzie and Herr Tivadar Nachéz (violin).  
Nov. 29. Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Edgar Hulland (violin), and Miss Angela Vanbough (piano).  
Dec. 6. Mr. Orlando Harley and M. Gillet (violinello).  
Dec. 13. Miss Alice Gomez and Mr. Marmaduke Barton (piano).  
Dec. 27. Madame Hope Glenn and Mr. Plunket Greene.

1890.

Jan. 3. Madame Patey and "Eos Morlais."  
Jan. 10. Miss Fanny Moody and Mr. Charles Manners.  
Jan. 17. Mdle. Antoinette Trebelli and Herr Felix Berber (violin).  
Jan. 24. Signor Foli.  
Jan. 31. Miss Alice Gomez and M. Gillet (violinello).  
Feb. 7. Madame Belle Cole and Herr Johannes Wolff (violin).  
Feb. 14. Miss Macintyre.  
Feb. 21. Mr. Edward Lloyd.  
Feb. 28. Madame Clara Samuel.  
Mar. 7. Mrs. Alice Shaw, the siffleuse.  
Mar. 14. Miss Marian M'Kenzie and Mr. Orlando Harley.  
Mar. 21. Miss Alice Gomez and Mr. Emil Kreuz (viola).

May such enterprise receive its due reward.

### CARDIFF ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY'S SEASON.

Though there is one vacancy still remaining to be filled, the next season of the Cardiff Orchestral Society promises to be as successful as any of its predecessors. The first concert is fixed for November 12th, when Miss Hilda Wilson and Mr. Edward Lloyd will appear; the second, for Boxing-Day, the artistes being Madame Nordica and Mr. Herbert Thorndyke; and the third and last, for February 4th next year, for which Mr. Andrew Black alone has yet been engaged.

### KEEN COMPETITION.

It will thus be observed that Mr. Edward Lloyd will twice visit Cardiff during the ensuing concert season—on November 12 and February 21. This, I take it, is the result of the keen rivalry that exists between the Orchestral Society and the Popular Concert promoters. It seems to me that either would consider it to be little less than a sacrilege to be compelled to engage an artiste who has been booked to appear at the opposition "show." Thus it is that the musical ranks are being gradually thinned by the engagement of vocalists and instrumentalists who have never yet made their bow to a Cardiff audience. The competition will not, of course, be deplored by the concert-going public, who may be trusted to exercise a wise discretion in the bestowal of their patronage.

### MADAME PATTI WILL VISIT CARDIFF.

Madame Patti, I rejoice to hear, has been engaged to visit Cardiff. But perhaps I cannot do better than quote "Philistine" in the *Weekly Mail*:—"Efforts have of old time been made to secure the presence of Madame Patti at a Cardiff concert, but the appalling fee of 800 guineas has proved an unconquerable stumbling-block to ambitious entrepreneurs, and Cardiff has had to be repeatedly denied that which is yearly enjoyed by the inhabitants of her rival sister town, Swansea, under the guise of charity. It has, however, been left for Mr. W. A. Morgan, the energetic and untiring secretary of the Cardiff Orchestral Society, to succeed where others have failed. Upon his enterprise and success I heartily congratulate him. Mr. Morgan has worked hard and has scored many triumphs; but the engagement of the diva eclipses all. With such a name to conjure with in what is absolutely a virgin field to Madame Patti, and with such a brilliant company of artistes as that by whom the unrivalled songstress will be sup-

ported, it would be idle folly to discuss the chances of failure. It will be necessary for the public to subscribe no less a sum than £1200 even to ensure the Orchestral Society against loss; but this and much more will be readily supplied. The speculator is evidently of this opinion, for scarcely had the announcement of the engagement been made public before Mr. Morgan received offers to buy up the whole of the tickets at a handsome profit. Mr. Morgan, however, chooses—and, I think, wisely—to win or lose. The date fixed is Friday, November 21—nine days after the Society's first season concert. The artistes who will support the diva will include Madame Duilly, Mr. Durward Lely, Mr. Barrington Foote, Miss Marianne Eissler, Miss Clara Eissler, Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, and a pianist of no less repute."

### WELSH OPERA AT CARDIFF.

As I observed last month, Dr. Joseph Parry's Welsh operas, "Blodwen" and "Arianwen," are to be given at the Cardiff Theatre Royal during the week commencing June 2nd—the former for the first three, and the latter for the second three nights. "Blodwen" is known by repute to all Welsh readers as being a composition imbued with the fierce and warlike spirit of the times of Owen Glendower, when Wales fought for national independence. Of "Arianwen," however, I know nothing but what is second-hand. It is, I hear, devoted to depicting the Welsh country life of a century ago, and, in striking contrast to its sister opera, is full of light and fanciful music. Let me be set down as a poor judge if "Arianwen" does not, therefore, agree the better with the popular palate. I shall make it my business to witness both operas, and will air my views upon them in next month's Magazine.

### LONDON IGNORANCE.

Without exception, the whole of the London press in their notices of the recent Welsh concert in the Metropolis, characterized Dr. Joseph Parry as being the Principal of the Musical College of Wales, Swansea. A couple of years or so ago Dr. Parry did occupy this position, but since he has filled the office of Musical Lecturer at the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, Cardiff. Clearly Dr. Parry could not have been properly designated on the programme, else the mistake would never have been made. But this is far from being the only example of London press ignorance concerning Welsh musical matters.

### A CARDIFF CHOIR IN LONDON.

In all probability the last week in June or the first week of July will see Madame Clara Novello Davies' well-known ladies' choir in London. Arrangements, I hear, are being made for them to give a grand evening concert at the St. James's Hall in aid of the recent Welsh colliery explosions—a cause which, should, and no doubt will, secure the hearty co-operation and support of London Welsh residents. The choir numbers upwards of a hundred voices, and, in addition, there will be a band of two dozen pianists, the majority of whom are ladies. One of Roedel's cantatas—"Westward Ho!" most likely—will absorb the first half of the programme, whilst the second half will be of a miscellaneous character. As far as possible, Mrs. Davies intends to rely upon her own pupils for solos, but she may deem it wise to engage a couple of Welsh male vocalists. If she so decides, her choice will probably fall upon Mr. Dyfed Lewis and Mr. Ffrangeon Davies, M.A. It is a big undertaking, truly, but I hope the step will be taken, and that nothing but success will result.

It has been finally decided to give Mr. Goring Thomas' "Esmeralda" during the forthcoming season at the Royal Italian Opera. To this end Mr. Thomas has made many important additions to meet the requirements of the Italian stage. The text has been well translated, and the title role will probably be sustained by Madame Melba, assisted by other prominent artists. "Esmeralda" is already familiar to the musical public of London, having been performed over a hundred times, and it is a recognised favourite in many of the principal towns in Germany.

## Music by Electricity.

A PERFECT SELF-PLAYING PIANO—VERY PRACTICAL AND USEFUL.

**H**OW can you do it?" This expression is heard by many persons who have the good fortune to visit the warerooms of the Electric Piano Company, No. 180 Tremont Street, and witness the operation of their electrical pianos.

The ideas are quite natural, for the invention is both wonderful and pleasing, and one that has caused a decided sensation wherever introduced.

A "Traveller" man was among the many visitors to the company's warerooms yesterday, where the general manager of the company, Mr. F. W. Bailey, proved a valuable assistant in the interesting investigations.

The rooms were found to be admirably adapted to the peculiar necessities of the business, and in general appointments are among the best of the kind in this part of the country.

By simply turning a switch, the reporter was treated to the perfect rendition of many familiar tunes from famous composers. The marvellously automatic manner in which the music was produced cannot be aptly described.

This appliance supplies exactly the place of the absent human player, but in no way affects or obstructs the ordinary use of the piano when desired to be played in the usual way. The electric stroke is made at the back of the key, throwing it up, and thereby causing the hammer to strike the string, giving exactly the same motion and effect as produced by the human player at the keyboard, and not changing the regular working of the piano in any way; the force of the electric blow to produce a loud or soft note is under complete control. The *modus operandi* of all this is very simple, being nothing more than an application of the old and well-known devices of the magnet and armature to each key, the electric circuit being made and broken by means of small perforations (representing the notes of the piece to be played) in a sheet of paper placed over the keys inside and fed from a spool, moving over a tracker board in which are corresponding holes or channels, leading to a set of pneumatics; these are fed by a set of small bellows worked by an electric motor, and when a hole in the paper comes opposite a channel in the tracker board the air is drawn in, the pneumatic opens, the electric circuit is completed, and the blow is given; when the perforation has passed the air channel the circuit is broken, and so on as the openings appear and pass by in the revolving spool of music. The motor is regulated fast or slow by a stop, and brings the tempo under perfect control, the expression being given by the pedals. The electric current required to operate this instrument is very light, not exceeding 8 volts, and is absolutely harmless under any circumstances. This current can be taken from the street or house lighting wires into a storage battery, or generated from an ordinary primary battery placed in the house. It is almost incredible of belief that such wonderfully perfect music can be produced automatically, but true nevertheless.

This new system can be applied to any piano, and, as may easily be conceived, opens a business prospect almost beyond computation. About 65,000 pianos are made and sold annually in the United States, and it is estimated that over 1,000,000 of these instruments are now used in this country. But in how many houses do these fine instruments stand only as costly pieces of furniture?—silent mementoes of some absent player, while the household is dull for lack of the rippling notes that once brought smile and pleasure with their harmony.

These pianos will be in immediate demand in a vast number of places of amusement all over the country, in dancing academies, lecture halls, and in

nearly every place of public resort. The universal desire for music is well understood by all entertainers, but how to provide the music at a moderate cost has been a hard problem for many.

There is also a very large field for an instrument of this kind for exhibition purposes, and already flattering offers have been made to this company to rent pianos for this use in hotels, steamboats, depôts, museums, and places of public resort.

Piano manufacturers in other cities have applied for rights to make and apply the electric attachment to their pianos.

It is stated that the unusually good prospects of the company have caused an active demand to be made for the stock, which bids fair to be one of the quickest dividend-paying stocks ever offered. A part of the capital stock, sufficient to further develop the business as warranted by the company's orders, and to give facilities for manufacturing to best possible advantage, is at present offered at \$20 per share.—*Boston "Traveller."*

## Patents.

**T**HIS list is specially compiled for the *Magazine of Music* by Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.

- 5,477. Improvements in and relating to sounding-boards of pianos. Henry Harris Lake. April 10th.
- 5,519. Improvements in pianofortes and pianoforte actions. Joseph Medcalf. April 11th.
- 5,575. Improvements in sustaining actions for pianofortes. Carlo Bozza. April 11th.
- 5,689. An improved mechanical musical instrument. Wm. Britain. April 15th.
- 5,913. Improvements in stringed instruments. Alex. Delanoy and Edward Goodwin. April 19th.
- 6,077. Improvements in musical boxes. Carl Albert Roepke. April 22nd.
- 6,206. Improvements in tuning pegs or tuning pins for stringed instruments. John Edwards. April 23rd.
- 6,309. Improvements in the mouthpiece of brass and other metallic musical wind instruments. Thos. Thomason Greenwood. April 25th.
- 6,331. Improvements in apparatus for regulating the height of the seats in music-stools and other furniture. Geo. Clulow, Henry Thomas Musto the elder, and Henry Thomas Musto the younger. April 25th.
- 6,430. An improved musical notation for pianoforte, combined with an improved indicator of chords, notes and chords, to harmonize with the notes. John Pollock. April 28th.
- 6,533. Turning music sheets. David Galloway Kinmond. April 29th.
- 6,649. New or improved valved musical instrument. Fontaine Besson, 33 Chancery Lane. April 30th.

### SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

- 6,071. Buckland, music rests for pianos, etc., 1889.
- 3,058. Binns, organs, 1889.
- 7,174. Buschek, musical instrument, 1889.
- 8,568. Pilkington, musical instrument, 1889.
- 2,369. Kussner, pianoforte pedals, 1890.

The above specifications published may be had of Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

A PARAGRAPH is going round the papers about Mozart's harpsichord, which is described as being at Windsor Castle, "in the drawing-room which was formerly the Queen's morning-room." The venerable instrument in question belonged, I believe, to Haydn, and it is in the Crimson Drawing-room, which never was the morning-room either of the Queen or of anybody else.

## Trade Notes.

AN International Exhibition will be opened at Kingston, Jamaica, on the 27th of January next. The latest date for application for space—which, however, will probably be extended—is July 1st, at Kingston itself. Goods for exhibition will be received at Kingston from the 1st of December. It is a question whether it is worth the while of any British musical instrument manufacturer to send so far, especially as the trade of Jamaica is hardly worth cultivating at all. In Germany, however, the matter has already been taken up. The German Consul at Kingston has been ordered by his Government to represent the interests of German exhibitors, and Messrs. F. A. Holm, of Hamburg, have been appointed by the Exhibition Committee to act as German Commissioners.

THE Dolge hammer covering machine is rapidly supplanting the old system or primitive machines used for years past in the covering of piano hammers. These machines are now in use in London, Petersburg, Berlin, and Dresden, and in this country in Boston, and by a number of piano hammer coverers in this city. It is as great an improvement over the old hammer covering machines as the air brake is over the hand brake.

SOME five or six years ago a mechanical musical instrument, known as "The Herophon," met with much success in England, where it had been introduced by the manufacturers, the Berlin Musical Instrument Manufacturing Company, formerly Ch. F. Pietschmann & Sons, but owing to some dispute having arisen in regard to the patent, it was found necessary to withdraw it from the English market. Now, however, a mutual understanding having been arrived at between the parties interested, the Herophon is reintroduced to all musical instrument dealers. In appearance it resembles a saloon barrel organ, and is played by means of a handle. On the top of the instrument there is a kind of picture frame, in which the square and perforated music sheet has to be placed. The music sheet remains immovable while the instrument is playing; but an iron lever, similar to the hand of a watch, keeps turning round, and simultaneously another part of the mechanism also turns round and produces the tune. This method of fixing the music sheet has advantages not to be obtained in those instruments where the sheet is movable. A dépôt will shortly be opened in England for the purpose of supplying the music sheets. The manufacturers assert that the price of the Herophon in comparison with that of the American barrel organ is very low. They also call attention to the Herophon with double reeds, which they state gives a tone to the instrument similar to that of the violin.

TYPEWRITING machines that will write and print have been common for some time, but the first typewriter that can be so operated as to produce musical sounds made its first appearance in public at the stage mechanics' benefit. The inventor is Mr. William Edward Wood, who is employed in the office of the architect of the Capitol. The instrument is an ordinary one, but some of its keys are electrically connected with a large and melodious assortment of bells arranged beneath the table. Pressure upon the keys operates a resistance coil, and the result is a succession of remarkably sweet sounds. The beauty of the music is not so apparent unless the listener is some distance from the instrument.

DURING the past few weeks sinister whispers have been current in various shops in regard to a projected strike next September of the hands employed in pianoforte and musical instrument manufacture. A good deal of secrecy is being maintained, and in several factories nothing whatever is known of the matter. In others, however, and particularly among the men employed by certain medium-class pianoforte manufacturers, men have been invited to subscribe a weekly sum in order to form the nucleus of



a strike fund. How far the matter has spread at present it is almost impossible to say. But that there is any likelihood of a strike on the scale suggested is hardly possible.

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In reference to the increasing price of material, it may be mentioned that piano-key makers, cutlers, and other industries using large quantities of ivory, complain about the high prices which lately have been demanded for ivory. The large cutlery firm of Joseph Rodgers & Sons, in Sheffield, formerly used to pay £600 per ton for ivory, says our German contemporary, *Zeitschrift für Instrumentenbau*; to-day they pay £1300, and oftentimes as high as £2000 per ton. Last November, ivory, which had been sent from the Congo by Stanley, was sold for this price in Antwerp. If no new fountain-head for ivory is discovered in Central Africa, there soon will be an ivory famine. Of the enormous ivory treasure which Emin Pasha is credited with having stored in Wadela, not a single tusk is said to have reached the coast as yet. A few months ago it was rumoured that a German bank, whose headquarters are in London, had advanced a large sum of money on this treasure of Emin Pasha's, the value of which is quoted at £70,000, and that a vessel had been sent to Zanzibar to bring the ivory to Europe.

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An interesting little pamphlet, intended, no doubt, for distribution in Australia, was issued by Messrs. Broadwood & Sons on the occasion of the reception given at their establishment, to meet Sir Charles and Lady Hallé prior to their departure for the Antipodes. Besides a brief notice of Sir Charles Hallé, and a history of the Broadwood firm, the pamphlet gives some curious and amusing instances of adventures which their pianos have undergone, and which certainly prove the durability of the instruments. For example: In the United States of Columbia, it seems that the Indians had a habit of taking the piano out of its case in order to make it lighter for carrying on their bare heads, although they thus exposed it, without proper defence, for a fortnight to the rays of a vertical sun and alternations of tropical rains. Moreover, in 1861 a concert grand, sent for a performance at Leeds, got into a railway accident, was thrown over a parapet, and dropped down forty feet of embankment. The packing-case was smashed to pieces, but although a piece of the tail-end of the piano was broken off, the piano itself was found to have escaped, and it was, indeed, used at the concert.

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A PIANO sold to Gung Bahdu, ambassador from the King of Nepal to the Queen in 1830, had a curious experience. The native potentate came to Great Pulteney Street with his escort, the Court musician tried the pianoforte with one finger, and the other members of the suite on entering politely divested themselves of their shoes. Broadwood's representative had to call for the money at Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, where the potentate paid for the piano in sovereigns, his suite standing by with drawn swords. The piano was carried ninety miles across the Himalayas on the heads of forty coolies, and the first tune played upon it on its arrival was "God save the Queen," by the British Resident.

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THE book contains an appendix, giving the names of notable musicians, and the earliest date on which they have ordered Broadwood's pianos, from 1789 to the present year. The list is incomplete, but its authenticity is undoubted, the folio and number of the ledger being given in each case. The first names on the list are Storace and Potter the Elder, who both had pianos in 1789; and amongst the earliest were Dussek, Hummel, Joseph Haydn, Samuel Wesley the Elder, Clementi (founder of Collard's firm, but who had a Broadwood piano in 1792), J. B. Cramer (founder of Cramer's firm, who had a Broadwood piano in 1793), and Pleyel, who also was a member of a firm of pianoforte makers. Beethoven had a Broadwood piano in 1817, and Liszt in 1826. The oldest surviving musician in the list is Mr. Charles K. Salaman, who had his first Broadwood piano fifty-six years ago.

## Better from Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, May 1890.

**D**EAREST ALICE, — Calm your fears, I am not ill, neither has anything untoward happened to me. I wrote to you as usual last month, and only discovered some time afterwards that my letter had been mislaid, and consequently had never reached its proper destination. Since then my time has been so fully occupied that I have not been able to answer your anxious inquiries until to-day. Now, dear, you know the sole reason of my long silence, and you may be sure I shall try to prevent any more such mishaps from occurring in the future. Fortunately, the last two months have been exceptionally quiet, so you have not missed any very exciting news by the non-receipt of my customary budget.

With the performance of "Elijah" at the beginning of last month, the Philharmonic Society wrote "Finis" to their fifty-first season. In reviewing the past season, I cannot compliment Colonel Wilson and his confrères upon the bill of fare they have offered to us. With the exception of Hamish MacCunn's "Lay of the last Minstrel" and of Berlioz's "Faust," we have had no works of any importance with which we were not already familiar. A society which has acquired so prominent a position in the musical world as the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, should not be content to rest upon the laurels gained in former years, trusting to the record of past achievements for the maintenance of its prestige. Such a proceeding is extremely risky. Young societies full of health and vigour are springing up around us every day, and it behoves those already in existence to be constantly on the alert for the latest novelties, if they would keep pace with the times and maintain the footing they have already established. The Philharmonic committee, I venture to think, should make a point during the summer holidays of obtaining full information with regard to all new compositions by English or foreign musicians, with a view to including those which are of sufficient worth and importance in the syllabus of next season's concerts. With regard to the artists engaged during the past six months, we have no reason to feel dissatisfied. Among the old friends who have revisited us are Sarasate, Lloyd, Stavenhagen, Lady Hallé, Miss Macintyre, Madame Marie Roze, Madame Nordica, etc.; whilst we have been introduced to Emile Blauwaert and Hugo Becker. Next season I hope that we shall have opportunities of becoming acquainted with many artists who have not yet made their *début* in our city, besides welcoming those favourites who have afforded us such genuine pleasure in the past.

Here is an item of local news which may perhaps interest you. Mr. Bowman Ralston, the talented amateur who has so often volunteered his services in the cause of charity, has recently decided to adopt music as a profession. He has an extremely good bass voice, and it is chiefly on the advice of Madame Demeric Lablache that he has resolved to take this important step. He formerly crossed the Rubicon dividing amateur from professional at the end of last month, when a most successful benefit concert in his name took place, at which Madame Demeric Lablache sang several times, to the manifest enjoyment of those present.

You will be grieved to hear of the death of Mons. Emile Louis, who has passed so many years of his life among us as a teacher of singing. He was held in high esteem by all his pupils, and occupied a foremost position in the ranks of our local professors. Unfortunately, he has been cut down in his prime, and, sadder still, his wife is left entirely dependent upon her own exertions for obtaining a livelihood for herself and child. During her husband's long illness, Madame Louis undertook the tuition of many of his pupils most successfully. She is herself a songstress of no mean order, and has

hitherto enjoyed the advantage of her husband's excellent training. It is now her intention to establish herself as a teacher of singing here, and I for one wish her every success in her new career. I am sure the numerous friends and admirers of her late husband will rally round her now in her brave efforts to battle with the reverses of life, and doubtless, with a little timely assistance, she will conquer all difficulties and soon become one of our most flourishing teachers.

About a fortnight ago, the Cunard steamer *Etowah* arrived in the Mersey from New York with Madame Adelina Patti, Signor Nicolini, and party on board. The tug *Mersey King* was chartered as a special tender to meet the Queen of Song, who, together with her husband and friends, reached the Prince's Landing Stage at eleven o'clock in the evening. Fortunately it was a bright starlight night, and the diva appeared to enjoy the scene immensely. Among her retinue were two dogs of the Mexican Chihuahua breed and a pet parrot, one of the former being a present from the wife of President Diaz. The passage across the Atlantic was one of the finest that Madame Patti has ever experienced. During the voyage a concert in aid of the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage was given on board, under the direction of Signor Arditi, and a goodly sum was realized for this deserving charity.

On Saturday evening, May 3rd, we all went to hear a performance of Lortzing's comic opera, "Der Waffenschmied," at St. James's Hall. The performers were members of the Liverpool Deutscher Lieder Kranz. These talented amateurs gave a similar entertainment last year with great success, and the performance the other evening was equal, if not superior, to its predecessor in every respect. The proceeds were handed over to the Children's Infirmary in Myrtle Street, and, judging from the crowded state of the hall, that institution must have benefited considerably by the kindness and generosity of our friends.

Mr. Jules Rivière has just sent me his programme for this season's concerts at Llandudno. He certainly offers a most attractive and varied bill of fare to the visitors to that most fashionable of Welsh watering-places. The orchestra, consisting of forty musicians, is composed principally of members of Sir Charles Hallé's Manchester Orchestra and of A. Manns' Glasgow Orchestra. There will be classical concerts, sacred concerts, choral nights, juvenile fêtes, piano-forte-playing competitions, and a host of other entertainments too numerous to mention. Among the vocalists engaged for the daily concerts are Madame Emilie Young, Madame Laura Smart, and Madame Marie Andersen, songstresses who all hail from Liverpool. Surely this is a step in the right direction, and if some other of our British watering-places would only follow suit and offer similar attractions, so many of us would not be forced to quit the shores of old England in search of amusement and recreation during our summer holiday.

I have received by this morning's post a copy of the *Home Journal* from New York, in which two large crosses in blue crayon draw my attention to the following paragraph:—"Mrs. Wesley M. Carpenter, the mother of Miss Nettie Carpenter, one of the best young violinists of the day, has just had a large reception given in her honour at New York. Mrs. Carpenter was the first lady in New York who had the courage to wield the musical bâton, and she conducted the orchestra and chorus who performed the oratorio of the 'Creation' at one of her own concerts. She sails for Europe shortly, and will take with her a little musical prodigy whom she has discovered, and for whom she predicts many future honours."

We are all looking forward eagerly to next Saturday, when Stavenhagen gives his recital at the small concert room of St. George's Hall. I hear that the seats are very well taken, and everything gives promise of a great success. We have just received the welcome news that the famous pianist will be accompanied to England by his only sister. And as she and her brother are going to stay with Florrie and Henry during their sojourn here, I shall soon have the pleasure of making her acquaintance. And now, dear, it is growing late, and I am getting dreadfully sleepy, so good-night.—With love, your affectionate sister,

NETTA

## Foreign Notes.

THE preparations for next year's performance of "Tannhäuser" at Bayreuth are being actively carried forward—so far at least as concerns the scenery and costumes. The scenery is being painted by the Brothers Brückner (of Coburg), who may be considered as the official scene-painters to the Bayreuth Theatre, and the designs for the costumes are being prepared by Professor Flüggen, of Munich. As regards the performers, the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* declares in the most positive terms that the statements made about the definitive engagements of certain artists are absolutely unfounded. Indeed, it may be remarked that the most positive statements have been made in the French papers, which one would not expect to be the best informed on the subject.

AN interesting discovery has been made at Cologne, namely, that of a portrait of Beethoven's father, by an artist named Benedict Beckenkamp, who is already known as having painted that of the composer's mother, a picture which will probably be seen in the exhibition in connection with the opening of Beethoven's Birth-house. Until now there has been no known portrait of the composer's father, and the picture is therefore a discovery of great interest. The "find" is said to be due to M. Walter Jagenberg, Venezuelan Consul at Cologne, but we are not at present informed where the picture was found. Beckenkamp was an artist of some repute in his day—there are portraits by him now in the Wallraf-Richartz Museum at Cologne, and the fact that Beethoven's parents were painted by an artist of such distinction suggests that they may perhaps have been at some time more important or more prosperous persons than has hitherto been supposed.

THE missing composer, Mr. Saint-Saëns, has duly turned up safe and sound. A telegram from Madrid announces his arrival at Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands, and, as might be expected by those who know him, the composer expresses considerable surprise that his absence from Paris should have given cause for any alarm. Mr. Saint-Saëns is, indeed, in the habit of leaving France for long periods, particularly when he is in the throes of composition, or when some new work is about to be produced on the stage, his nervousness impelling him to absent himself from the theatre on these occasions. He is an enormously wealthy man, having come into a very large fortune by inheritance, and consequently he can well afford to gratify his taste for travel.

WE are deeply grieved to hear from Milan that Sig. Faccio, the eminent conductor at the Teatro della Scala at Milan, has become a victim to a cerebral complaint, and has had to be placed in an asylum. Sig. Faccio was about to leave Milan, having accepted the post of Director of the Conservatorio of Parma, vacant by the death of Sig. Bottesini. Italy, by this misfortune, loses, for the present at least, not only the most famous of her conductors, but one of the most accomplished of her musicians.

A WRITER in the *New York Musical Courier* says:—"Theodore Kewitsch has published with Carl Paetz at Berlin a unique work, which skilfully carries out a novel idea in composition, viz. a sonata for voice and piano. At a first glance the thing looks strange, as one is too much accustomed to old forms and customs, but when looking closer at Kewitsch's work one cannot help admiring it. His invention is, of course, strongly lyric, in fact, most of all his themes might occur in a *Lied*, but his vocal themes and those he allots to the piano are well contrasted, and the whole is worked with no small degree of in-

genuity and an artistic taste productive of many charming effects. So, for instance, is the end of the first part of the first movement most characteristically worked up, and in strict alliance with the meaning of the text. The whole, without in the least disturbing the form and general structure of the sonata, is so full of light and shade, and so effectively divided between voice and instrument, that one cannot but acknowledge that Mr. Kewitsch's experiment is a decided success."

PETER TSCHAIKOVSKY's new opera, "The Captain's Daughter," founded on a story by Pushkin, is to be brought out at the Imperial Opera House at St. Petersburg. This will be the composer's eighth opera, all of which operas, except the "Maid of Orleans," are on national Russian subjects. But Tschaikovsky, like Rubinstein, is not considered to be particularly happy in his operatic works. Rubinstein has indeed gained a brilliant success with one of his Russian operas, "The Demon"; but his other operas are, on the whole, less successful in their native land than those of Tschaikovsky.

THE great Berlin contralto, Mrs. Amalia Joachim, will open a course of singing lessons at her summer residence at Aigen, near Salzburg, in Tyrol, on May 15, and will teach till October 15, during which period she will receive a number of advanced pupils.

M. LEO DELIBÉ's charming comic opera, "Le Roi l'a dit," has just been produced with signal success at the Court Theatre of Stuttgart. Even the German critics seem to have been quite disarmed by the freshness, piquancy, and grace of the Frenchman's work.

THE Italian journal, *Il Trovatore*, gives prominence to the following paragraph, which our readers may accept or reject according to their own judgment:—"Contrary to the statement of M. Etienne Destranges in *Le Monde Artist*, respecting an interview which he had with the great composer, in which the author of 'Rigoletto' is reported to have told him that 'Otello' was his last work, we are able to assure our readers, having learnt it from an excellent source, that 'Otello' is not to be the last opera of the 'Swan of Busseto.' His last opera, on which he is now engaged, will be 'Giulietta e Romeo,' the libretto by Arrigo Boito." This, says the *Trovatore*, is "positive" information. Yes! but positive statements sometimes become only comparatively true.

THE Neapolitan journals record a veritable *tour de force* which has recently been accomplished by a prima donna of the San Carlo Theatre, Mdle. Adèle Agresti, who sang in "Il Trovatore" in the afternoon and "Aida" in the evening.

## Accidentals.

"UNMUSICAL ENGLAND" has just had a sweet revenge in Leipzig, where, during the Easter examinations at the famous Conservatory, three youthful subjects of Her Majesty came out first respectively in pianoforte and violin playing and composition, beating, in open competition, all their German and other rivals. The pianist was Mr. George Moon, of Plymouth; the violinist, Miss May Brammer, of Grimsby; and the composer, Mr. Edward Levy, of Manchester, who conducted an overture written by himself. The astonishment of the German students at their defeat was supreme, although I am glad to hear that they honourably extended the most cordial congratulations to the successful young English musicians. At the Brussels

Conservatory last year, young Ferdinand Weist Hill came out top of the violin class, and Mr. Leonard Borwick, a son of a member of the Stock Exchange, and who will make his English *débüt* this week at the Philharmonic, is a laureate of the Frankfort Conservatory. Young musical England is therefore not doing at all badly abroad.

THAT music, as an adjunct to religious service, now receives much attention in Dissenting communities is a fact well known. A *Nonconformist Musical Journal* exists, and is spirited enough to offer prizes for the best sacred compositions of certain specified kinds. Twenty-eight musicians recently entered the lists with examples of an anthem for festival use. Of these Mr. Matthew Kingston, a professor resident in Bournemouth, was successful. The adjudication was in the safe hands of Dr. Hopkins, organist of the Temple Church.

FROM Manchester the news of a curious discovery reaches us. Whilst turning over some old books in the shop of a Mr. Cornish, Dr. Henry Watson came upon several manuscripts of works by Mozart, which bear every sign of being in the handwriting of the composer. They include two concertos written by Mozart in his childhood, and several numbers from the opera "Mitridate," which was composed at Milan in 1770. The suggestion has been hazarded that the manuscripts were brought over by a Miss Harford, who, it is known, was studying music in Florence and Milan in 1816; for, together with the Mozart pieces, there have been found several exercises in this lady's handwriting, with the date and locality inscribed.

WELL-WISHERS to English art will hear with satisfaction that the recent production of Mr. Goring Thomas' opera, "Nadeshda," at Breslau, was a conspicuous success. This is not only good for the composer but for his country. He and others are slowly but surely building up a better repute on behalf of England, while, as regards lyric drama, our main reliance is at present on Mr. Thomas, the most successful opera composer we have.

MR. BODY, Vice-Chancellor of Trinity University, Toronto, has arrived in England in order to confer with the Colonial Department here as to the memorial recently presented by the Universities against the granting by the Toronto College of musical degrees *in absentia*. Mr. Body will have his work cut out for him. He will, at any rate, have to defend the legality of the granting of musical degrees in England by a University whose charter expressly declares that its sphere of usefulness is confined to "the diocese of Toronto," and to "students in the said College." He will also have to explain why Trinity Toronto University usurps powers of granting degrees *in absentia* in this country which are not held by Oxford, Cambridge, London, or any other English University.

AT the last meeting of the French Society of Authors, Composers, and Music Publishers, held in Paris, it was announced that Mr. Choudens had annulled the contracts which he had entered into in England for the right of reproduction of the operas of Bizet and Gounod, such rights being of the value of upwards of £1400. The Society congratulated Mr. Choudens on taking this step, which it seems had something to do with the question of the payment of fees for the performance of French music in England. It would, however, be interesting to know of what this contract consists.

HERR XAVIER SCHARWENKA will be unable to come to England this summer, owing to an operation just performed upon his left hand. The usual witticisms about the pianoforte revenging itself upon the pianist may no doubt be expected. But in Herr Scharwenka's case they will be undeserved. The truth is, he found an abscess growing, the surgeons were compelled to make an incision, and his left hand is accordingly now so weak that he is advised not to use it for two months.



MADAME PATTI has been offered the sum of £1000 a night and all expenses paid to sing at a series of ten operatic performances at the Auditorium, Chicago, during the Exhibition year of 1893. The offer will probably be accepted, but not at that ridiculously low figure.

It is quite true that Mr. Sims Reeves will take his final farewell concert at the Albert Hall next October, when Madame Christine Nilsson will also reappear. But, as at present arranged, he will afterwards go on tour in the provinces, singing in those towns which he has missed owing to indisposition. Under the circumstances, I hope we shall therefore have yet another final farewell in the Metropolis after the extra provincial tour is over.

A RECENT rehearsal of the Crystal Palace Choir was signalled by an interesting ceremony; a silver salver, which had been purchased by subscription, being then presented to Mr. Manns as a mark of the esteem in which the famous conductor is held by the singers whom he has directed for so many years with such pre-eminent ability. The presentation was made by Mr. W. R. Jackson in a short but effective speech, which well expressed the justly general admiration with which Mr. Manns is regarded. Mr. Manns replied with equal brevity and point, thanking the choir for their wholly unexpected kindness, and saying that he hoped the connection which had for so long been a source of gratification to him might continue for many years to come.

MR. EDWARD LLOYD—who, in contradistinction to his namesake, late of the *Daily Chronicle*, has been described as "The Tenuer, and not the Millionaire"—has not escaped from the American interviewer. Mr. Lloyd, who commenced his American engagements at Boston on Easter Sunday at the Handel and Haydn Society Festival, during which he sang in "Elijah," Bach's Christmas Oratorio, and "St. John," the last an oratorio by Mr. Parker, an American composer—said that he would afterwards go to Canada, and would probably finish up at the Cincinnati Musical Festival, where he will take part in, among other works, Verdi's "Requiem." Mr. Lloyd was rather doubtful whether he would appear in New York at all. He had hoped to arrange with Madame Albani, but unfortunately she would not be in New York at the time. Asked whether it was true that he had a brother who lately made his *debut* as a tenor, Mr. Lloyd is alleged to have laughingly replied "No." The reporter is probably mistaken, as Mr. Lloyd himself knows perfectly well that his younger brother has recently made his *debut* as a tenor. Mr. Lloyd, pointing to a frame containing portraits of his wife, three sons, and one daughter, added that his eldest son, who gave great promise of a fine tenor voice, had been studying in Leipzig, and having received a thorough musical education, would shortly make his *debut* in London as a vocalist.

A VERY successful concert was given by the Brixton Choral Society in the Brixton Hall on May 1. The programme included the first and second parts of the "Creation," Mr. Walter Macfarren's "Brighton" Symphony, and Mendelssohn's "Loreley." Special mention must be made of Madame Annie Marriott's charming singing, and of Mr. Edward Branscombe's rendering of "In native worth."

THE following is the specification of the grand organ (by Eustace Ingram, London) at the International Exhibition, Edinburgh, which opened May 1st:—

GREAT ORGAN. Compass CC to C. 61 Notes.			
	Pitch.		Pitch.
1. Double Open Diapason	16 ft.	5. Harmonic Flute	8 ft.
2. Open Diapason, extra large	8 "	6. Harmonic Flute	4 "
3. Open Diapason	8 "	7. Principal	4 "
4. Clarabella	8 "	8. Twelfth	2 1/2 "
		9. Fifteenth	2 "
		10. Trumpet (wind 12 in.)	8 "
SWELL ORGAN. Compass CC to C. 40 Notes.			
	Pitch.		Pitch.
11. Bourdon	16 ft.	16. Gemshorn	4 ft.
12. Open Diapason	8 "	17. Mixture, 4 Ranks	various
13. Flauto Traverso	8 "	18. Horn (wind 8 in.)	8 ft.
14. Salicional	8 "	19. Oboe	8 "
15. Vox Angelica	8 "	20. Clarion (wind 8 in.)	4 "

## CHOIR ORGAN. Compass CC to C (in a Swell Box).

	Pitch.		Pitch.
21. Gamba	8 ft.	26. Orchestral Oboe	8 ft.
22. Dulciana	8 "	27. Tuba Harmonic (in wind, not in Swell Box)	8 "
23. Lieblich	8 "		
24. Lieblich Flute	4 "		
25. Clarinet	8 "		

## PEDAL ORGAN. Compass CC to F.

	Pitch.		Pitch.
28. Open Diapason	32 ft.	31. Bourdon	16 ft.
29. Open Diapason, large scale, wood	16 "	32. Violoncello	8 "
30. Violone	16 "	33. Posauone	16 "

## COUPLERS.

34. Swell to Great.	38. Swell Super-Octave.
35. Choir to Great.	39. Great to Pedals.
36. Swell to Choir.	40. Swell to Pedals.
37. Choir, Sub-Octave.	41. Choir to Pedals.

## ACCESSORIES.

Three Composition Pedals to Great Organ. Three Composition Pedals to Swell Organ. Two Composition Pedals to Pedal Organ.  
Organ Pneumatic throughout, and Pedal Organ Tabular Pneumatic. Blown by powerful Griffin Gas Engine.

WE understand that Mr. Edward Heron-Allen, author of *Violin-making as it was and is*, *The Anatomy of the Violin*, etc., has in the press a work entitled *De Fiddleio Bibliographia*, being the basis of a bibliography of the violin and all other instruments played on with a bow, in ancient and modern times.—Catalogue raisonné of all books, pamphlets, magazines, newspaper articles, book and dictionary extracts, dramas, romances, poems, methods, instruction books and scientific works relating to instruments of the violin family, hitherto found in private or public libraries, or referred to in existing works on the subject. The work will be published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh, and is being issued by subscription. There will be two editions—a large paper one and the ordinary one.

THE newly-appointed organist of St. Mark's Church, Lewisham, Mr. W. J. Kipps, was, by a printer's error, referred to in these columns last month as Mr. W. J. Higgs.

## Music in Bristol.

SINCE the last appearance of Bristol news, in the April number of this paper, so many events have taken place that it will not be possible to notice all of them in detail.

There are three Monday Popular Concerts to chronicle; all very enjoyable, and increasingly well attended, which is a very hopeful sign. The symphonies presented were Schubert's "Unfinished" in B minor, Mozart's in E flat and Haydn's in D. The performance of them was exceedingly spirited and intelligent—not faultless, but encouraging and satisfactory. Other works of interest were the overtures, "Ruy Blas" (Mendelssohn), "The Naiads" (Sterndale Bennett), and "Leonora," No. 3 in C (Beethoven); also the Introduction to Acts I. and III. of "Lohengrin," Paganini's "Il moto perpetuo" (played by all the strings), and "Two Melodies for string orchestra" by Grieg, "Herz-wunden" and "Der Friehling." Music of a lighter character was liberally sprinkled in the second parts of the programmes, and solo vocalists appeared at each concert, amongst whom was Mlle. Dotti, whose singing was much appreciated. The presence of a male voice choir, numbering about 200, lent an added interest to the fourth concert of the series, and their singing of "The Lord is a man of war," from "Israel in Egypt," and of "Thou comest here to the Land," from "Edipus" (Mendelssohn), was in all respects admirable. Mr. Riseley conducted the concerts with great ability and judgment.

Another interesting evening was the second annual "Ladies' Night" of the Society of Instrumentalists. This body now numbers 150, and claims to be the largest amateur orchestral society in the country. They are conducted by Mr. George Riseley, and, as a natural consequence, evince the greatest enthusiasm and enjoyment in all they do. More ambitious than last year, a symphony of Beethoven's (that in

D, No. 2) was included in the programme, and it received a very creditable rendering. Certainly it was played with a will; and though there might be a good deal of room for criticism, judged from the standard of absolute perfection, still, considered as the performance of an amateur society in its second year of existence, it was deserving of the warmest praise. Outside help was secured, but not to any large extent, and chiefly in the direction of the brass instruments; a very necessary addition, for, as a rule, amateur brass is a thing not to be desired, though it may occasionally be both seen and heard.

Mr. Carrington rendered quite inestimable service as leader, and others of our local professionals ably strengthened the hands of the amateurs. Besides the symphony, the overtures "Son and Stranger" and "Peter Scholl" were performed, also Mackenzie's "Benedictus," arranged for full orchestra, and other slighter pieces. Songs were contributed by Mrs. Nixon and Mr. Weten. A very marked advance was apparent upon the initial performance of the Society last year, and this is a bright augury for future success. We believe that the financial aspect of the Society is entirely satisfactory.

Regarding the visit of the Orpheus Society to London on April 26, it does not perhaps besem a Bristolian to say much, but we cannot but be gratified by the musical success of the concert, by the evident delight of the large audience, which was manifested by demonstrative applause throughout, and by the flattering opinions which were showered upon the Society from all sides. Certainly the reputation of the Orpheonists has suffered nothing, but rather gained much, by the repetition of the experiment which was first made last year. Whether the concert will become an annual one remains to be seen. Meanwhile, the greatest credit is due to the members of the Society and to their conductor, Mr. Geo. Riseley, for the result which crowned their mutual efforts.

Organ recitals have been given by Mr. Riseley in Colston Hall during the past two months, and two concerts have been given by the Bristol Musical Association, at which the principal attractions were respectively Madame Belle Cole and Miss Alice Gomez. On the occasion of the last-named lady's visit, the Colston Hall was so packed there was not even standing-room to be had, and all tickets were gone long before the concert began.

It remains to give some account of the performance of "St. Paul" by the members of the new Bristol Choral Society, assisted by a good orchestra and competent principals. Band and chorus together numbered about 500, and the soloists were: Mlle. Dotti, soprano; Miss Barnard, contralto; Mr. Harper Kearson, tenor; and Mr. Watkins Mills, bass. The leader was Mr. Carrington, and the conductor Mr. Riseley. The Society is in its first year of existence under the title given above, but it is in reality mainly the same body which won such undisputed laurels in the performance of "Israel in Egypt" and "Elijah" on the occasion of the opening of the western towers of our cathedral. It has been in existence for many years under the name of "Mr. Riseley's Choir," and has frequently shown very good reason for so being, in many grand and finished performances of great works, notably those given in the Colston Hall some few years ago, of Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride" and Beethoven's Choral Symphony. Again, under the title of "The Cathedral Voluntary Choir," it gave "St. Paul," "The Last Judgment," and other works, in the nave of the cathedral. Now considerably augmented, with president, committee, rules and general organization, it again comes before the public as the "Bristol Choral Society." Concerning the performance of "St. Paul" on the 7th ult., we can only say, may all future attempts of the Society be worthy of this beginning! Should this be so, no fears need be felt as to the triumphant success in store for this body of singers. The response to the inspiring *bâton* of the conductor was instant, the "attack" throughout every chorus was absolutely perfect and united, the enunciation of the words was wonderfully distinct, and the exquisite singing of the chorales was something to be long remembered. Complete mastery had been obtained over the whole work, and it was clear that, to the choir, there remained no doubts or difficulties, but only a happy and well-



founded confidence in themselves and their conductor, and the deepest enjoyment in their great and noble task. To select a few of the most striking choruses, we might mention the concluding ones of the first and second parts of the work, "Stone him to death," "Rise up, Arise," "The gods themselves as mortals," and the first chorus in the second part. As examples of expressive, refined, and sympathetic singing, we might select "How lovely are the messengers," "O be gracious," and "See what love hath the Father bestowed on us." The one fault to be observed was that the balance of the choir was not quite as it should be, the ladies being too strong for the tenors and basses. More strength in the tenor part is especially needed, nor are the male voices heard to the best advantage, on account of their being obliged to sit facing each other across the orchestra, instead of all facing the audience. This defect can scarcely be remedied in the present construction of the orchestra. The sopranos were particularly brilliant, and the whole chorus appeared almost fresher at the end than at the beginning.

Middle Dotti sang the pathetic air, "Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets," most beautifully, and all the vocalists acquitted themselves well, Mr. Kear-ton especially being heard to advantage in "Be thou faithful." The band played the overture and accompanied throughout in most musicianly style, and Mr. Fulford rendered good service at the organ. Congratulations are due to all who were concerned in this most successful performance.

## Newcastle-upon-Tyne Notes.

THE Newcastle Amateur Vocal Society in conjunction with the Northumberland Orchestral Society gave their second Invitation Concert of the season in the Town Hall, on the 14th April 1890, when the following works, vocal and instrumental, were performed:—Haydn's Sixteenth Mass, André's Symphony in E flat, Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor (piano and orchestra), and a selection from "William Tell."

The soloists were Madame Helen Trust (soprano), Miss Catherine Bellas (contralto), Mr. Fred. Mace (tenor), and Mr. E. J. Rowley (bass).

The Mass was very creditably performed both by the vocalists and instrumentalists. Particular mention may be made of the "Benedictus," and also the last movement "Dona Nobis Pacem," which is a combination of beauty and simplicity that will rarely be equalled. The quartettes were well balanced. Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer" was, perhaps, a greater success than the Mass, judging by the remarks of several of the audience. Madame Helen Trust took the solo, and sang it effectively; but her best contribution was Grieg's quaint "Solveig's Lied," her rendering of which was perfect, and for which she received a brilliant and well-deserved encore.

Miss Kate Liddle's performance, at the pianoforte, of Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor was perhaps the best item of the evening. A thorough musician and an excellent executant, Miss Liddle gave a really good reading of it. She was well supported by the Northumberland Orchestral Society, who have been making rapid strides of late towards musical proficiency,—thanks to the untiring zeal and energy of their conductor and leader, Mr. J. H. Beers. Their performance of André's Symphony was capital; particular mention may be made of the Andante and the Finale movements.

The concert was one of the best that has been given by the two Societies conjointly, and was in every way a success. The admirable arrangements were carried out by Mr. Fred. Mace (hon. sec.) and the committee, who all worked hard to ensure a most enjoyable evening. Dr. Rea conducted in his usual capable manner, and was well received.

A concert was given in the Town Hall on Thursday, May 8th, in aid of the widow and children of the late Mr. Watson, Derbyshire, a well-known and highly esteemed local musician who died recently. There

was an orchestra of 100 performers, consisting of all the principal professionals and picked amateurs of Newcastle and district, all of whom, together with the vocalists, gave their services gratuitously. The programme was as follows:—

Overture, . . . . .	"Masaniello," . . . . .	Auber.
Song, . . . . .	"O ruddier than the Cherry," . . . . .	Handel.
Mr. John Nutton (Durham Cathedral).		
Violin Duet in D, Op. 67, No. 2, . . . . .		Sjohr.
Messrs. J. H. Beers and J. H. Hill.		
Unfinished Symphony in B minor, . . . . .		Schubert.
Song, . . . . .	"The Better Land," . . . . .	Cowen.
Madame Whatford.		
Organ Concerto, with orchestra, in B flat, . . . . .		Handel.
Mr. J. M. Preston.		
Overture, . . . . .	"Oberon," . . . . .	Weber.
Song, . . . . .	"Thou'rt passing hence," . . . . .	Sullivan.
Miss Mimi Beers.		
Suite for Orchestra, . . . . .	"Peer Gynt," . . . . .	Grieg.
Song, . . . . .	"Best of All," . . . . .	Moir.
Mr. Fred. Mace (Newcastle Cathedral).		
March, . . . . .	"Tannhäuser," . . . . .	Wagner.

Of course the "Unfinished Symphony" was the *pièce de résistance*, and received an excellent rendering at the hands of the orchestra. Next to this in importance was Grieg's "Peer Gynt," the last movement of which was encored. The violin duet was most carefully played by Messrs. Beers and Hill. Madame Whatford was in excellent voice, and received an encore for her very clever rendering of Cowen's well-known song. Mr. Fred. Mace was in good form, and sang "Best of All" with his usual good taste. The orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. J. H. Beers, played almost faultlessly. The opinion has been expressed that were Mr. Beers to form an orchestra on the same lines as Sir Charles Hallé's and other famous bands, with so much good native talent they could soon vie with the Manchester Orchestra for supremacy. Perhaps Mr. Beers may take the hint. F. T.

## Middlesborough Notes.

THE season which virtually ended with the last concert of the Middlesborough Musical Union has been, artistically speaking, a most successful one, and proves that Middlesborough is rapidly advancing to the front in matters musical. The Musical Union has done some splendid work this season under its clever conductor, Mr. W. Kilburn. This gentleman works *con amore*, and brings wide musical experience to bear upon all that he does.

Taking it all round, the performance of the "Elijah" at the first concert may be considered about the finest given by the Society. There is capital material in the chorus (which numbers about 200 members), and it contains some good fresh voices and capable musicians; with the parts a little more equally balanced, there is no reason why it should not rank amongst one of the best choirs in the North. The orchestra has done good work also, as was evidenced by the intelligent playing of Beethoven's Symphony in C (No. 1), Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite, etc., the last movement of the suite being enthusiastically encored.

The accompaniments by the orchestra, however, might with advantage be a little more subdued at times. The other works given by the Musical Union during the season have been Villiers Stanford's "Revenge," Spohr's "Hymn to St. Cecilia," and Hamish MacCunn's "Lord Ullin's Daughter." The selection of artists has been highly judicious; amongst the vocalists being Miss Margaret Macintyre, who was enthusiastically received, Misses Annie Marriott, Marie Hooten (Royal Academy), Liza Lehmann, Messrs. Percy Palmer, Watkin Mills, etc. A great event was the first appearance in Middlesborough of Dr. Joachim, at the Society's second concert. Miss Fanny Davies also made her first appearance here on this occasion. The splendid new Town Hall was crowded, and the clever young pianiste created a

great sensation by her truly magnificent playing. It will thus be seen that the Musical Union is doing good service in the cause of the divine art, and its future career will be watched with much interest.

Mr. Felix Corbett, organist of the Parish Church, gave a most successful concert during the course of the season in the new Town Hall. There was an immense audience, and the following artists appeared:—Mme. Alwina Valleria, Miss E. Rees, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, Mr. E. Howell, M. Johannes Wolff; and the concert-giver played some pianoforte solos in his well-known artistic manner.

Mr. F. Corbett announces three ballad concerts for next season. Amongst the vocalists engaged are Mme. Albani, Mme. Lilian Nordica, Miss Fanny Moody, Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Henry Piercy, and probably Mr. Santley.

Sir Charles and Lady Hallé gave a pianoforte and violin recital at the new Town Hall under the auspices of Mr. G. Hoggett, and, although it was not so numerous attended as could have been desired, afforded great enjoyment to those present.

The band of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. D. Godfrey, was engaged for the annual Police Concert, with Miss Zipporah Monteith as vocalist and Mr. Felix Corbett pianist. It will be gathered that the music-loving public of Middlesborough has no cause to complain of lack of enterprise; and it is to be hoped that in the coming season the public will show its appreciation by liberally supporting those whose zeal for the musical welfare of the town deserves all encouragement.

The different societies in the district have also been hard at work, but the following can only be briefly noticed for the present. The Redcar and Coatham Musical Society, which gave at its last concert Bennett's "May Queen," with Miss Evelyn Lewis (Middlesborough), a very promising young soprano, as May Queen; Mr. Simpson (Ripon Cathedral), Lower; and Mr. Duncanson (Durham Cathedral), Robin Hood. The South Bank Choral Society finished its season on 14th ult. with a performance of the "Creation;" Miss Naomi Hardy, Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, and Mr. Lucas Williams being the principals.

## Westminster Orchestral Society.

THIS Society gave its closing concert of the season on Wednesday, May 21, at Westminster Town Hall, under the able leadership of Mr. C. Stewart Macpherson. The vocalists were Miss Greta Williams and Mr. H. L. Thomas, both of whom sang admirably, and were heartily applauded. Mr. Thomas sang "Six Scotch Ballads" of Burns, set to music by Mr. Macpherson, who accompanied them on the pianoforte, and both composer and singer were recalled more than once.

A new work was for the first time performed at this concert, "Air and Variations for Orchestra," by Miss Dora Bright, who is a pupil of Walter Macfarren's, and gives great promise, both as a pianiste and composer. She played two charming compositions by Macfarren, "Rondino Grazioso" and "Toccato in G minor," at the close of which the audience persistently encored till Macfarren himself led Miss Bright back again to the platform.

The orchestra shows signs of considerable progress, and the cymbals may be particularly noticed for their good work on this occasion.

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Yrs faithfully  
Walter Macfarren







Magazine of Music Supplement, June 1890.

# Take, Oh Take Those Lips away

Words by Shakspeare  
Music by Walter Macfarren.

## SYLVIA

Words by E. Dawson  
Music by Marian Saunders.

## ✻ GIGA ✻

by Ferris Tozer.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.  
ST MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.



# "TAKE, OH TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY."

CANZONET.

POETRY BY  
SHAKSPEARE.

MUSIC BY  
WALTER MACFARREN.

*Andante appassionato.*

*p* *cresc.*

Take, oh take those lips a-way, That so sweet - ly were for - sworn, And those

*p*

*cresc.* *agitato*

eyes, the break of day, Lights that do mis - lead the morn. But my

*cresc.* *sf* *p*

*cresc.* *f*

kisses, But my kisses, But my kiss - es bring a - gain Seals of

*agitato* *cresc.* *f*

*cresc.* *f*

love, but seal'd in vain; But my kiss - es bring a - gain Seals of

*cresc.* *f*

*ff* *dimin.*

love, but seal'd in vain, Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, Seals of

*ff* *dimin.*

*ad lib.*

love, but seal'd in vain.

*colla voce* *p* *ten.* *p* *p*

*allegro*

\*



## SYLVIA.

WORDS BY  
E. DAWSON.MUSIC BY  
MARIAN SAUNDERS.

Moderato e leggiero.

I love a spright-ly charming maid,  
 Gold-en locks her temp-less shade, Curling, cling-ing round her head, Win-some, win-some Sylvia.  
 Eyes she has, of fit-ful hue, They can flash, and spark-le too,  
 or be fill'd with pi-teous dew, Change-ful Syl-via.  
 Round-ed cheeks and dimpled chin, Ve-lvet lips, a kiss to win, Rose and lilies are her skin,

*p* *rit.* *a tempo* *rit.* *mf* *rit.* *pp*

Dain-ty Syl - via. *p* All her life I've lov'd her well, but the part-ing

*pp*

*rall.*  
I must tell Which but yes ter - day be-fell Me and Syl - - via. For

*rall.*

when we came to say "Goodbye," She had hard work not to cry, I had something in my Eye. *rit.*

*ad lib.*  
*p*

Just like Syl-via's. *a tempo* 'T was not ea - sy to get free,

*pp*

*rall.* *a tempo*  
For with pleading eyes' said she, "Dad-dy, Dad-dy, 'Tay with me!" Ba-by, ba-by Syl-via!

*rall.*



## GIGA.

Allegro con spirito.

COMPOSED BY  
FERRIS TOZER.

The musical score is written for piano and treble staves. It begins with a treble staff containing a whole rest, followed by a series of triplets in both staves. The tempo is marked 'Allegro con spirito.' and the composer is 'FERRIS TOZER.' The score includes various musical notations such as triplets, accents, and dynamic markings like *f* (forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *p* (piano), and *crec.* (crescendo). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into seven systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system starts with a treble staff containing a whole rest, followed by a series of triplets in both staves. The second system continues the triplet pattern. The third system introduces a new melodic line in the treble staff. The fourth system features a series of triplets in both staves. The fifth system continues the triplet pattern. The sixth system introduces a new melodic line in the treble staff. The seventh system features a series of triplets in both staves.

This page of musical notation consists of six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The music is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The notation includes numerous triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings. The first system features a treble staff with triplets and a bass staff with chords. The second system includes a *mf* marking. The third system features a *f* marking. The fourth system includes a *f* marking. The fifth system includes a *f* marking and a *Fino.* marking. The sixth system includes a *p* marking. The piece concludes with a *Fino.* marking.

1<sup>st</sup> time. 2<sup>nd</sup> time. *Fino.* *p*



mf

cresc.

f



## MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

The British and Colonial Music Trade Journal

VOL. 7.

JUNE, 1890.

No. 6.

The Blüthner Pianoforte  
Factory at Leipzig and  
London Show-Rooms.

WITH the unification of Germany, and the consequent political development of the country, began a new era for German industry and German enterprise. In no direction was this more clearly shown than in the important branch of pianoforte manufacture. The great firms, which had long reigned supreme in Europe and America, soon became aware that they had no unworthy competitors in certain of the German makers. At the International Exhibition held in Vienna in 1873, the highest awards for the exhibits in the pianoforte section were carried off by the specimen instruments sent from the Leipzig factory of Julius Blüthner. This success was followed by others equally brilliant, both in America and Australia—until, in fact, the firm obtained its present world-wide reputation.

The founder, and present head of the business, Herr Julius Blüthner, has done invaluable service in the development and perfecting of pianoforte construction, and, as a natural consequence, to the cause of the art of music itself. Not only has he understood how to apply to the best advantage the discoveries of science, but he has also given to the world various inventions and improvements, the results of his own individual experience and research.

Close to the spot where now stand his magnificent factories, in which nearly a thousand hands are constantly employed, Herr Blüthner started his business career thirty-four years ago in a modest hired workshop, with but three assistants. Thanks to his untiring energy, perseverance, and determination to win recognition from the world, the young master cut his way up step by step, until he reached his present brilliant position.

As the business developed, and the number of hands increased, new buildings were added from time to time, so that at the present moment the factory consists of one entire block, six square acres in extent, and is one of the largest establishments of the kind in the world. A bird's-eye view of the various departments of this remarkable factory, together with a slight sketch of the life of its founder, will probably be not without interest to the music-loving reader.

In the first place, then, before entering the building itself, we may pause and gaze with respect upon the vast timber-store piled up in the surrounding yards. Here may be seen gigantic oaks brought from German forests, masses of pine, Scotch fir, beech, and maple trees, to say nothing of the dark jacaranda and red mahogany from far Brazil. Long and tedious are the preparations necessary before the wood

is ready to be used in the service of the power of sound. First exposed to all the winds of heaven and changes of atmosphere; then taken to the drying-house, where a temperature of 104 degrees Fahrenheit is maintained, it is only after many a repetition of this varied treatment that the wood can be pronounced thoroughly seasoned, and fit to pass into the hands of the workmen.

The next step is to the sawmill, where by means of the powerful frame-saws the great trunks are sawn into planks, which other saws are in readiness to cut to the necessary size and shape. Above this are the veneer-cutting machines, which furnish a portion of the rough veneer that is necessary.

The planing machines, which occupy several large rooms, are busily engaged in preparing the wood, both for the outward covering of the pianos themselves, and also for the innumerable packing-cases, in which the completed instruments are continually being despatched to all parts of the world. In the turning-rooms we find the cabinetmakers at work upon the more ornamental parts of the instruments, such as the artistically-moulded feet, the graceful lyre that forms the pedals, and the richly carved music-desks.

The most important and delicate part of pianoforte manufacture is the preparation of the sound-boards, since the real worth of the instrument depends upon the correct treatment of these thin plates of pinewood, through which alone the strings can be brought to yield their fullest measure of tone. In this department only the most proved and experienced hands can be employed, in order that quality as well as quantity of tone may be insured, and both be relied upon to stand the severest tests.

One of the most interesting and lively scenes is to be found in the smith's department, where, to a deafening clang, the metal for the pianoforte steel frames is worked into shape, and numerous hands are employed upon the necessary bolts, pins, etc. Here also, by means of the electric current, the completed frames receive their brilliant coat of bronzing.

From another large workshop comes the rattle of the spindles, for here the steel and copper wires are wound off skeins, and spun into the pianoforte strings. In this work the greatest care and delicacy of manipulation are requisite, in order that the finest and subtlest modulations of tone may be produced at the will of the player. No less important is the preparation of the hammers that are to give speech to the strings, a branch that enjoys special personal supervision from the head of the firm.

When the various parts have been joined together, and the instrument has so far advanced towards completion that a touch on the keys will bring forth the hidden melody, then begins the necessary, if not very interesting, work of varnishing. Those pianos which are destined to travel to other hemispheres are covered with a particular make of varnish, by means of which they gain increased durability and power of resistance to all climates. The large proportion

of instruments upon which this operation is performed, affords striking testimony of the extensive reputation of the firm.

No piano is considered complete until it has been examined and tested again and again, in order to prove beyond a doubt its possession of that union of power and sweetness which alone can produce perfection of tone. The next and final step is to the show-rooms, which lie right and left of the main buildings. On one side are ranged the grand pianos, on the other the uprights; and it may here be noted that there are no less than seven different sizes of the former, and five of the latter.

Of especially fine quality of tone are those instruments which are fitted with the famous Blüthner invention, the so-called Aliquot system. This consists of an extra set of strings in the treble, owing to which the upper notes gain increased fulness and brilliancy.

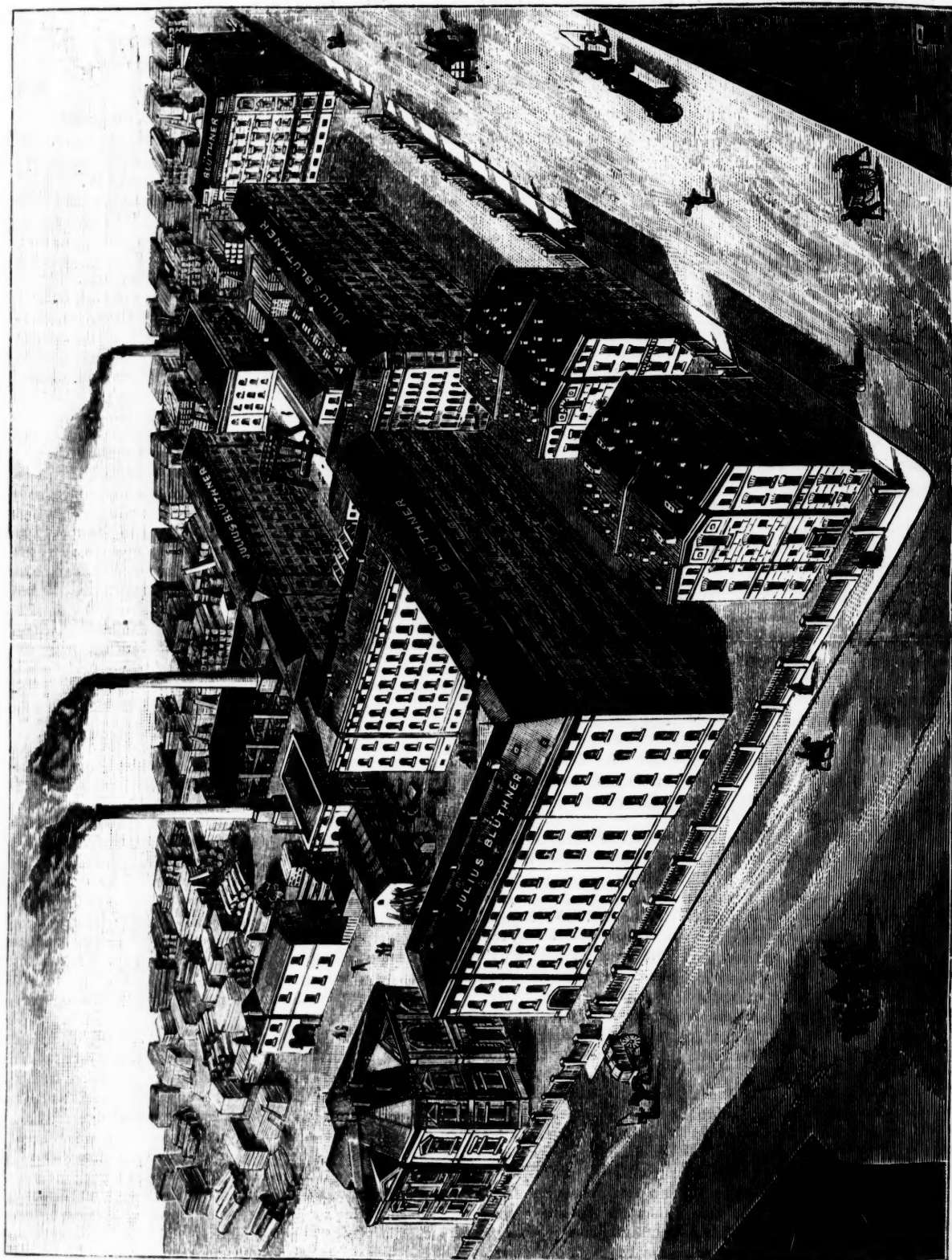
It is when listening to the magic strains of such an instrument, upon which the most delicate nuances of tone-colour can be attained, that we begin fully to realize the extraordinary advances that have been made in the art of pianoforte manufacture in modern times. But what industry, perseverance, and unceasing study are necessary before perfection can be achieved, may best be learnt by a glance at the bare outlines of the life-story of the founder of the Blüthner firm.

Julius Blüthner was born on March 11, 1824, at Falkenhain in Merseburg, where his father followed the trade of cabinetmaker. Even in his childhood he gave evidences of that independence of character and steadfastness of purpose which must have contributed not a little towards his success in after-life. In his father's workshop the boy found plenty of opportunity to indulge his mechanical tastes. At the age of ten he made, without any assistance, a cupboard, which was complete down to the smallest details. He also took especial pleasure in making cross-bows, since of these he was able to make very acceptable presents to his friends and school-fellows.

Shortly after the death of his father, which occurred in 1838, the young Julius was apprenticed to a skilled cabinetmaker in his native town. At the end of six months the boy was found to be equal in knowledge and capacity to any of the journeymen, and was promoted to a weekly wage of eightpence, which was then considered a great distinction for a young apprentice. On becoming a full-fledged journeyman himself at the age of sixteen, he astonished his comrades by his test work, this being an exquisitely finished work-table, whose worth was estimated at a hundred and fifty-six thalers, at that time a very high price for such an article.

An inner prompting, to which he was wise enough to listen, led the young man in the direction of musical instrument manufacture, and at eighteen he entered the pianoforte factory of Hölling and Spangenberg at Zeitz, where at first he received no more than six marks a week. Out of this modest sum he had to support himself,





THE BLÜTHNER PIANOFORTE FACTORY AT LEIPZIG.



to find the fees for lessons in French and pianoforte-playing, and to buy books upon acoustics and other technical subjects. By dint of working by night as well as by day, he perfected himself in the branch of pianoforte-tuning, and by this means so far increased his income that he was able to provide a home for his widowed mother.

Work seems to have been no less a pleasure than a necessity to him; even when taking a walk, he was seldom without a book in his hand. It was not long before his merits were recognised by the firm by which he was engaged. His chief appreciated the excellence of the young workman's ideas, built instruments after his designs, and soon came to treat him as a friend and colleague.

In 1845 Blüthner entered upon his period of military service; at the conclusion of which he found himself compelled to fall back upon tuning and repairing work, since, owing to the troubled times, pianoforte manufacture was at a very low ebb. So well did he acquit himself of the tasks entrusted to him, however, that he earned a high reputation in the neighbourhood, thanks to which he presently obtained a good situation in Würzburg, where he remained for two years. He then proceeded to Leipzig, where he worked for a time in the pianoforte factory of Bretschneider.

On Nov. 7, 1853, a fateful day in the Blüthner annals, he started his own modest business in a little hired workshop, with three assistants under him. Encouraged by the example of their master, who worked from four in the morning till ten at night, the men also must have worked with a will, for the first piano was quickly ready, and the second but one month later. Commissions soon began to pour in, for the excellence of the instruments turned out by the little factory was quickly recognised and appreciated by musical connoisseurs, and their reputation advanced with corresponding rapidity.

In the fourth year from the date of commencement, the number of workmen had increased to fourteen. In 1858 Blüthner bought the premises in which he had laid the foundation of his fortune; and in 1863 he began to build a new factory, calculated to employ one hundred workmen. Although this was opened with but thirty-seven hands, the full number was very quickly made up. From the year 1865 down to the present time, the Blüthner firm has enjoyed an unbroken and ever-increasing prosperity. The King of Saxony has bestowed on Herr Blüthner the well-deserved titles of Hof-lieferant and Commerzienrath, and in 1874 he visited the factory, accompanied by the Queen.

As our readers are aware, Herr Blüthner has had show-rooms in London for some years past; but these premises having becoming too small for the increasing requirements of the business, magnificent new buildings have been erected in Wigmore Street, which will, we believe, be opened before this account appears in print. These contain three noble and commodious show-rooms, each a hundred feet long, lighted by Wenham lamps. The total area occupied by the show-rooms is about 7500 square feet, with a capacity for the exhibition of nearly 200 grand and upright pianofortes. Each floor is heated with hot-water pipes, and has its own separate lift from the basement, and is also fire-proof in construction, with openings to each of the adjoining floors, these, however, being specially protected by huge iron doors, which, when closed, isolate each house in case of fire, both as to the ground floors and the basement.

The basements exactly correspond to the ground floors in respect to area (7500 square feet) and capacity for storage of instruments, and are fitted up as workshops, where all the

final finishing, tuning, regulating, repairs, polishing, etc., of the instruments are completed before they are sent to their final destination, a large staff of experienced workmen being employed for the purpose. Some idea of the extent of the premises may be gathered by stating that the respective frontages in Wigmore Street and Wimpole Street are 109 ft. and 46 ft. 6 in. The work has been well carried out under the direction of Mr. Hughes, architect, of No. 28 Mortimer Street. (On the next page we give view of premises.)

Altogether the whole pile of buildings may be regarded not only as an additional ornament to London, but also as being in every way worthy of the high standing and fame which the Blüthner pianofortes enjoy both in this country and throughout the world.

It only remains to be said that the factory produces now, on an average, annually, over three thousand instruments, of which 1800 are uprights and 1200 grands. Space forbids us to do more than allude to the prizes, diplomas, and medals which have been bestowed upon the firm, or to the countless testimonials they have received from pianists and composers.

In conclusion, we may quote the following extract from the official report on the International Exhibition of Vienna, which states that "Julius Blüthner, as a representative of the art of pianoforte construction, occupies at present, not only in Germany, but also throughout Europe, the most important and prominent position. His industry and wonderful energy have brought him to this position, while it is his constant endeavour ever to obtain better results in the construction of pianofortes, and to proceed daily further and further along the path of progress."

## Edinburgh Notes.

### THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

OUTSIDE of London, the International Exhibition, which was formally inaugurated by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh on the 1st May, is by far the finest undertaking of the kind that has ever been launched in this country. The Edinburgh Exhibition of 1886, although somewhat small in comparison with those of Manchester and Glasgow, proved a brilliant success, and resulted in a surplus of something like £40,000. Compared with that of 1886, the present Exhibition holds forth much stronger attractions; and if success is within the limits of possibility, the gigantic show at Meggatland will certainly command it.

The Concert Hall, which is one of the main features of the Exhibition, is a magnificent structure. Everything has been done to provide a place where musical performances of every class may be successfully carried out. A platform capable of seating the largest orchestra, and provided with ample retiring rooms, faces an area seated for 3000 persons. Rising from the back of the platform, there is a graduated gallery or orchestra, which will easily accommodate other 500 persons, and will, as a rule, be used by the Choral Societies who are to appear at the Exhibition. The scheme of decoration is of the richest and most artistic description. Around the hall at stated intervals are the names of the best known masters, including those of A. C. Mackenzie and Hamish MacCunn. The acoustics are entirely satisfactory, and even solo singers can be heard with wonderful distinctness at the most remote corners of the hall. The presence of an excellent organ by Ingram completes what may be regarded as one of the best music halls ever seen at an Exhibition.

The musical arrangements at the opening ceremony were entrusted to the Edinburgh Choral Union and the Amateur Orchestral Society. Under the baton of Mr. Collinson, the Choral Union sang several pieces with much acceptance, while a short programme of instrumental music was creditably got through by the

A. O. S. The musical event of the day was of course the performance of the 8th Psalm, the music for which had been specially composed for the occasion by Hamish MacCunn. Its success was more than dubious. There is almost nothing in the setting to criticise. It is hopelessly trite and barren of that breadth and grandeur which one would naturally expect to find in the treatment of so beautiful a text. For some time, Scottish, and particularly Edinburgh audiences, have been ready to swallow with avidity the crumbs of inspiration that have fallen from the pens of certain of our national geniuses; but it is safe to predict that the line will be very severely drawn at the 8th Psalm.

By way of indicating the genuine musical treats in store for visitors to the Exhibition, a really enjoyable concert was given on the first Saturday evening by Mr. J. A. Moonie's Male Voice Choir. Every seat in the hall was occupied; and by way of testing the acoustic properties, I took up a position at the point furthest away from the singers. The choir only numbers 25 selected voices, and although the singers were so far away as to look like pigmies, every note and every shade of expression were clearly heard.

The band of the Coldstream Guards has just completed a fortnight's engagement. So perfect and admirable were the performances of the Coldstreams, that one is disposed to think the management should have taken greater pains to advertise their presence at the Exhibition. The prospective musical arrangements are exceedingly attractive, and include concerts by the leading Scottish Choral Societies, in addition to which the best native and Continental bands are already booked.

A week's engagement has been carried out by De Jong's well-known professional brass band, and they in turn were followed by the Chatham Division of the Royal Marines (conductor Kappay). On the 17th ult. the music hall was occupied by Mr. Thomas Richardson's choir of boys, who gave a most enjoyable concert, which was listened to by a crowded audience.

In connection with the concert given by Moonie's Male Voice Choir, a slight misunderstanding had arisen as to the hour at which the choir were to appear. The programmes said 7 P.M., while, as a matter of fact, the hour fixed by the secretary with the Exhibition authorities was 7.30. To keep an audience of upwards of 3000 persons waiting half an hour was too much for the British public, and accordingly, when the choir put in an appearance at what was really the appointed time, they were received with a storm of hisses. A correspondence has taken place in an evening newspaper, and, as usual, several side issues have been dragged in, the result as a whole being a good deal of fuss and fume over a matter of very little importance.

Rumour has it that the rehearsals of MacCunn's 8th Psalm were by no means dull. On the contrary, they were enlivened by one or two particularly lively incidents, in which the composer and Mr. Bradley, the organist, were prominent figures. The sympathies of the Choral Union, and others who were present, are said to have been entirely with the organist.

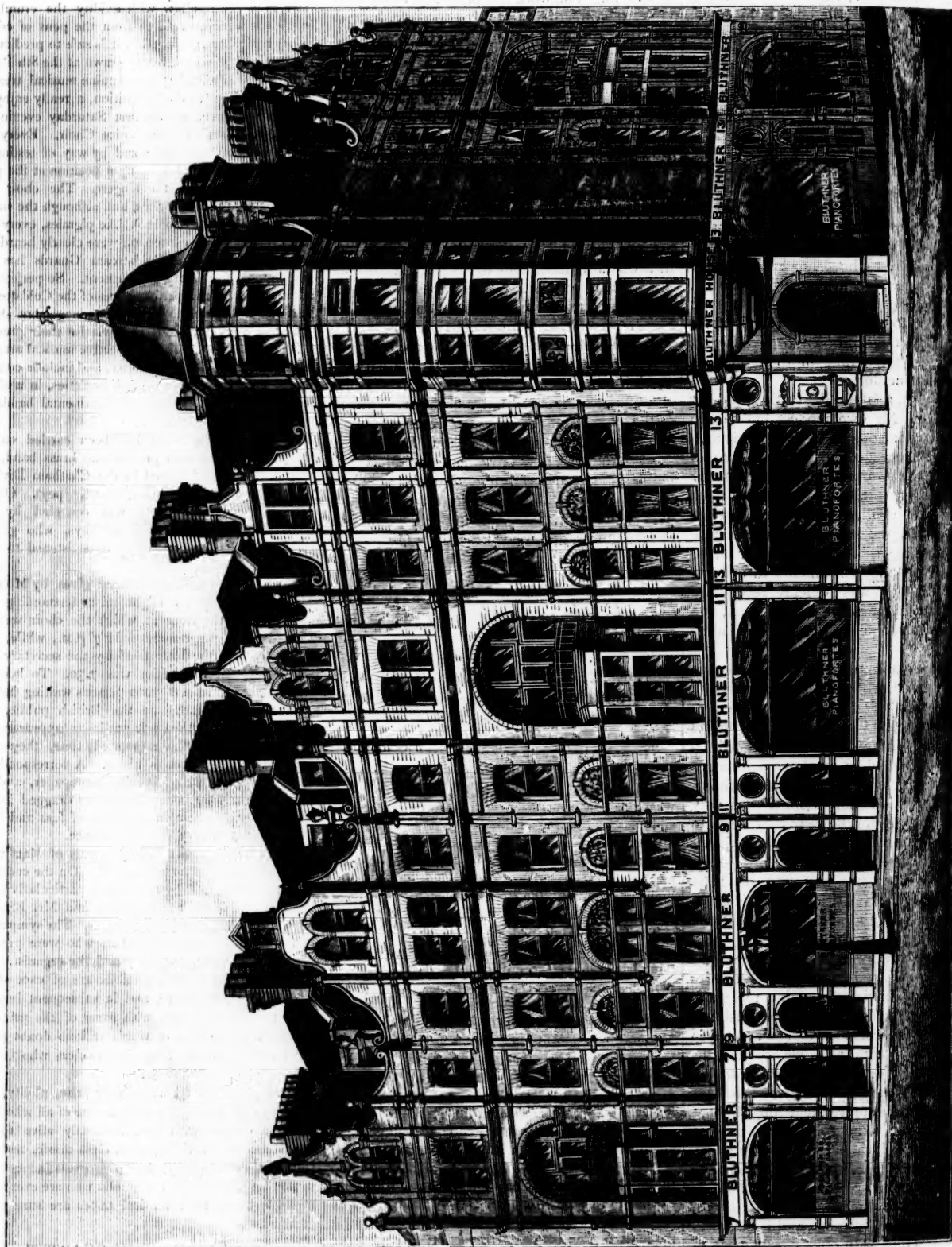
Many of the musical exhibits are of exceptional interest and importance, and in subsequent issues I hope to deal at length with some of the principal stands, a description of which will no doubt prove acceptable to many Magazine readers who intend visiting this splendid show.

Mr. S. Lee Bapty, whose enterprise, ability, and courtesy as a manager are the theme of all who have come in contact with him, is keenly alive to the importance of providing good class music, and this feature of the Exhibition will offer great inducements to that large section of the public who are ever ready to flock where their musical tastes are sure to be gratified.

### THE EDINBURGH QUARTET

gave the concluding concert of the series last month before a capital audience. The performance was in all respects a success. It is very encouraging to learn that the experiment has been an artistic as well as a commercial success, and that next year the Secretary, Mr. J. C. Dildin, who is the prince of concert managers, will bring forward a still more attractive scheme of Chamber Concerts.





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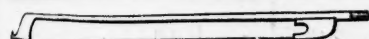
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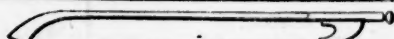
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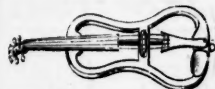
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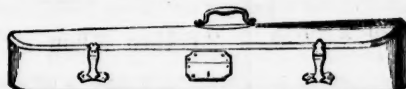


  
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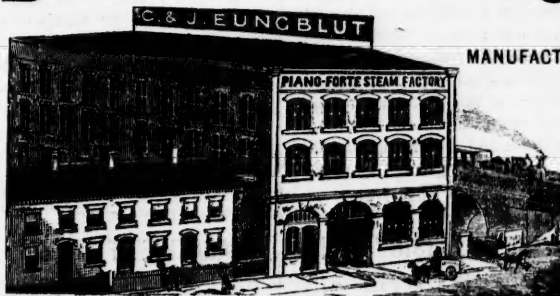


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"When thou art nigh, it seems a new  
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The sun hath fairer beams — the lute a  
softer sound;  
Though thee alone I see, and hear alone  
thy sigh,  
'Tis light, 'tis song to me, 'tis all when  
thou art nigh."

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"Within the mighty city pining lay  
The fair young princess at the close of day;  
The glory in the west had lingered long,  
And touched the chords of memory and song."

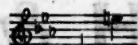
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